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MARK TWAIN AND ONE OF HIS PETS

# REAL AMERICANS

BY

MARY H. WADE

*With Illustrations*



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## REAL AMERICANS

### THEODORE ROOSEVELT

*The Man Who Overcame*

YEARS ago a young couple were living on East Twentieth Street, New York City. They had much to make them happy: they had money a-plenty and every comfort they could wish for; they had a little daughter, Constance, to make sunshine in the home. And then, one autumn day—it was October 27, 1858—a new treasure came into their keeping. It was a baby son.

“He shall bear his father’s name,” the parents decided.

So it came to pass that this child was called Theodore Roosevelt, Junior.

While Theodore and Constance were both very young, their brother Elliott and their sister Corinne were added to the happy family. The four children made it a lively household.

Little Theodore, for his part, was ever ready to join in any frolic, though his body was frail and sickly. Indeed, the lad suffered from asthma almost from babyhood, and it was often a pitiful sight to see his white face as he sat bent over, struggling for breath.

When he was still a tiny little fellow the Civil War began to rage, but his wise and tender parents did not allow him to hear much about the sad happenings of those days.

With a light heart, therefore, he played, read stories of adventure, and spent many an hour among the pets owned by his aunt next door. Such a fascinating home this aunt had! There were parrots of beautiful plumage; there were pheasants and peacocks in the big back yard; and there was a wild-eyed monkey which was allowed to climb as it would up and down the posts of the piazza.

Theodore's father believed that games and frolics were the best things possible to make his children have strong minds and bodies when they grew up. But he did not spoil them; they were taught to obey instantly.

Once—just once—little Theodore had a whipping at his father's hands. He had done

something very naughty indeed—he had bitten the arm of one of his sisters.

The moment he had done it, he knew how bad he had been and ran for refuge, first into the back yard and from there to the kitchen where the cook was getting bread-dough ready for baking. Grabbing a lump of dough, the boy crept under the table, and watched, ready to defend himself.

And now his father appeared in the room, asking if his naughty little son had been seen there. Did the cook “tell on” Theodore? Not in words; but her eyes turned in his direction. And then? Well, Mr. Roosevelt got down on his hands and knees to seize the boy, only to receive a blow from the ball of dough which Theodore threw at him and then scampered off, out of the kitchen and up the stairs, to be caught before he had traveled far by his father’s strong hands. The whipping which he well deserved and never forgot followed at once.

Theodore was so delicate that he was not sent to school with his brothers and sisters. Moreover, he was often obliged to entertain himself with his books while they were en-

gaged in some lively play. He loved reading so much that with a story before him he could forget that he was fighting for breath, as he lived in thought with his favorite heroes.

Though the boy was nervous and delicate, his brothers and sisters looked up to him in many ways. To begin with, they thought he was a marvelous story-teller. He could imagine such wonderful people and animals and happenings! They would listen almost breathlessly as he spun tale after tale out of the contents of his busy young brain.

When summer came the family went out in the country to live and there, in the fresh air and sunshine, Theodore romped and made discoveries in the woods and fields. He had a love for everything alive. He watched the birds. He studied the ways of snakes and bugs, toads and frogs. He took delight in making all sorts of collections of what he found.

One day he came upon a litter of white mice. To his boy-nature they seemed very precious.

“I will save them,” he determined, and forthwith carried them home and put them

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in the ice chest. Alas! when his mother discovered the mice there, she promptly took them out, to the bitter sorrow of her young son when he learned what she had done.

“The loss to science! The loss to science!” he cried angrily. Evidently he believed the world might have gained worth-while knowledge through his study of the ways of those mice.

At another time he went out collecting specimens with one of his cousins. The two boys soon filled their pockets and the bags they carried with what they had found. But after this was done they came upon two toads different from any they had ever seen before, and consequently very valuable in their young eyes. How were they to take them home?

A happy idea seized them: each of them would put a toad on the top of his head under his hat and carry it in this way. Sad to say, they had gone only a little way with their treasures when they met a lady whom they knew and to whom they must pay respect. So off came their hats, and away hopped the toads into the thick grass, never to be seen again by the young nature students. Theodore was

doubtless very unhappy over this "loss to science."

Such lively times as the lad had in the country, even though he spent many a day and night in coughing and struggling for breath. There were hunts after birds' nests and wood-chucks. There were rides on wagons piled high with new mown hay. There was the merry task of helping harvest the apples. There were wild frolics with his brother and sisters and with the cousins who came to visit them. One of the best sports, no doubt, was playing at Indians, when the children gathered poke berries, and staining their faces with its juice, pretended they were "truly-ruly" the fiercest of red men and women.

Strangely enough, Theodore did not discover that he could not see as well as he should till he was thirteen years old. He had been missing the sight of many things without knowing it.

The discovery came about in this way: he had been given his first gun and was out hunting. To his surprise he found that his companions were shooting at birds which he did not even see. When his parents were told of

this, they at once had the boy's eyes examined and found he needed spectacles. When these were put on, great was Theodore's joy on being able to look upon more of nature's wonders than he had dreamed existed. Specimen hunting now had greater pleasure for him than ever before.

Long before this—when he was only nine years old—he had begun his first diary. Like many other children as young as himself, however, he often let days pass without writing in it.

When Theodore was eleven years old Mr. Roosevelt took his family to Europe for a visit. You imagine, possibly, that his sickly little son was delighted to cross the ocean and see strange sights in other countries. But no! He was homesick from the beginning to the end of his wanderings. Little did he care for the sight of grand buildings and lofty mountains, and of walks through famous picture galleries.

He was much interested, however, when he had a chance to visit a museum of natural history. And no wonder! Why, he had already started a museum of his own in the New York

home and called it the "Roosevelt Museum of Natural History."

Before that trip to Europe Theodore had begun to write his first book. It was not a long or remarkable one by any means. It contained only a few pages, but in it the lad wrote zealously about different insects he had found.

Sometimes, during his stay in Europe, he wished for the sight of a little girl friend and playmate, Edith Carow. And once, in Paris, when his mother showed him Edith's picture, the eleven-year-old boy wrote in his diary that "her face stirred up in me homesickness, and longing for the past which will come again never aback again."

When the Roosevelt family returned to New York the loving father thought of something which might be of help to the sickly little son: a gymnasium should be fitted up for him in the house.

He talked kindly but very seriously to Theodore at this time. He spoke of the delicate body, and of the lively mind that dwelt in it. That mind could not grow as it should unless the body were healthy.

"It depends on you to build up the body," the father said.

Theodore was set thinking. The brave knights and adventurers whom he had read about had had strong bodies. Otherwise they could not have done what they did.

"I must have a strong body myself," he said, "if I am to succeed."

He now began to take regular exercises in his gymnasium with one big, steady purpose. Slowly but surely the boy grew better, though he still had many a struggle.

One day he read a poem that set him thinking particularly hard. The poem was about a duke who was satisfied with *pretending* to be like others of his family before him who had been truly noble.

"I will not be satisfied with dreaming about being great," young Theodore promised himself. "I will strive to *be* great."

Strange as it may seem to us to-day, Theodore was a timid lad even when he had entered his teens. But now that his will to succeed was aroused, he determined to overcome his timidity. Shortly afterwards he had a chance to show courage when his father sent

him to Moosehead Lake in Maine, hoping that the fine air there would make him stronger.

After he left the train there was a long stagecoach ride before him. In the stagecoach two strong, lively boys rode with him.

Looking Theodore over, they decided: "We can have some sport with this pale, thin city fellow. We can easily do him up."

They succeeded in short order. They began by teasing their companion till at last a fight began, first one of the boys tackling Theodore, then the other. He didn't act the coward in the least, yet he was no match for either lad.

How did he feel when the fight was over? Well, after spending a great deal of time considering what had happened, he said to himself, "I certainly must make my body strong."

But what could he do which he had not yet done? Aha! the happy thought came that he might take boxing lessons. The result was that on his return to New York he began training in boxing under an ex-prizefighter.

The following winter Theodore went a second time to Europe with his family. On this visit he had a trip on the Nile River in Egypt,

but what interested him most was not the Pyramids which he saw there, but the specimens he collected when riding donkey-back along the river banks.

Work—steady work—was awaiting young Theodore when he returned to New York, because he must prepare for college. He was fifteen now, and quite a sizable youth, as his body had developed a good deal during the past year.

An excellent tutor was secured to teach him. And during the next three years the youth studied faithfully. At the same time he did not lose sight of the needs of his body; so he still took boxing lessons and exercised in his gymnasium each winter, while his summers were spent in the country and at Oyster Bay on Long Island. There he went on hunting trips, bringing down his game with sure shot; he fished in the waters of the Sound; he explored fields and woods; he learned the names and characteristics of the wild flowers in the country around; he studied the birds; he sailed and he rowed. Best of all, he steadily improved in health.

In his eighteenth year he entered Harvard

College with a "will to win," as his old friend, Jacob Riis, has said of him.

Already he had shown that will in his sports. He had won the position of leader in the little company of brother and cousins at Oyster Bay. He had won in the battle with ill health. He had become victor in the fight with fear.

But along what special line did he intend to win while at college? To begin with, he meant to succeed in his studies and particularly to learn everything possible about natural history, because he was then saying to himself, "I want to become a professor of that science."

Because he belonged to a wealthy old New York family, he was invited to join the leading college societies and clubs which many youths considered it the greatest good fortune to enter. But he was not deeply interested in these. His goal was the mastery of certain studies, and he had hobbies which he wished to gratify.

And so, in order to study more faithfully and follow his hobbies more freely, he settled himself in some rooms in a private house outside the college grounds where he was free to treasure the specimens he gathered in his

tramps into the country. Among these specimens, by the way, were several live snakes and a turtle.

“A queer duck!” he was doubtless called by many of his college mates. Nevertheless he soon became a favorite among them because of his love of fun and his spirit of comradeship.

He was far from being what college youths call a “grind,” because he did a great deal besides study and collect specimens. He still took boxing lessons; he rode horseback; he practiced target shooting; he played polo; he drove about in a dogcart; he danced at gatherings of young people he had become acquainted with out at Chestnut Hill.

Besides all these interests, he started a new club among the college students and began writing a history of the War of 1812, which brought him high praise in Great Britain as well as in the United States when it was afterwards finished and published.

During young Roosevelt’s first Christmas vacation, while at Harvard, he went on a camping trip to the Maine woods. There he became acquainted with Bill Sewall, a well-

known guide in that wild country. A bearded, powerfully built man was Bill Sewall, with big mind and heart. The college student fresh from city life found much to admire in this backwoodsman.

"He is like one of the brave vikings who were the heroes of my boyhood," thought Roosevelt.

He also thought, "After winning the friendship of such a noble-hearted man as Bill Sewall, I can never be tempted to be a snob." Bill Sewall's nephew, Wilmot Dow, was also a frequent companion of the young student during those delightful camping days in Maine.

Six weeks after entering college, Theodore showed his mates that he was no weakling in spirit. It happened in this way: there was great excitement in the air over the coming election of a new President, and the Harvard freshmen who were in favor of Mr. Hayes had a torchlight procession through the streets. As they marched along there came a sudden shout from a second-story window, "Shut up, you blooming Freshmen."

The words were followed by a shower of

potatoes thrown down upon the marchers' heads. What could they do? They were not able to reach the fellow who was insulting them, however angry they might be at his meanness in attacking them when they could not defend themselves.

"I can show him what I *think* of him, at any rate," decided young Theodore Roosevelt, as he stepped out of line, and throwing down his torch, shook his fist at the potato thrower.

"Who is that high-spirited little chap?" the students asked each other at the time. They quickly learned that the still delicate-looking youth who did not hesitate to show his anger at meanness was Theodore Roosevelt, Junior, of New York City.

Theodore's father had always been interested in helping others, and his young son wished to follow in his footsteps. No doubt it was for this reason that Theodore undertook to teach a Sunday-school class in an Episcopal mission school soon after he entered college. Theodore started out enthusiastically—he was always enthusiastic in what he did—to teach the boys and girls in his charge what he believed was right and what was wrong. It

happened that on a certain Sunday one of his boys appeared with a black eye.

“How did you get it?” the young teacher asked severely.

“Fighting,” was the answer.

On further questioning the boy explained that another lad, who was sitting beside his sister, kept pinching her. He wasn’t going to stand any such treatment of his sister, so he pitched into him. That was the beginning of the fight, and the black eye was the end.

What do you suppose Theodore did then?

He said promptly, “You did perfectly right,” and handed the boy a dollar as a reward.

When the story was carried to the leading officers of the Sunday school they were greatly shocked. They had already noticed that Theodore, who belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church, had not been careful to observe all their Episcopalian forms. But now to reward a boy for getting a black eye in a fight! It displeased them greatly, and they said so.

The result was that Theodore gave up his class and took another in the Dutch Reformed

Church, where he taught the rest of the time he was in college.

In his second college year a great sorrow fell upon the young man—his father died.

“I tried faithfully to do what father had done,” he afterwards told his friend, Jacob Riis, “but I did it poorly.”

“In the end,” he went on, “I found out that we have each to work in his own way to do our best; and when I struck mine, though it differed from his, yet I was able to follow the same line and do what he would have me do.”

In Theodore’s last year at Harvard he became betrothed to a young girl, Alice Hathaway Lee, whom he had often visited at Chestnut Hill.

During this same year he set the whole senior class to jumping rope! It came about in this way: ever on the lookout for new kinds of physical exercise, he had decided that his muscles could be made stronger by jumping rope. And so, because he was enthusiastic and earnest in whatever he did, his whole class caught his spirit and followed his example.

At last the day arrived when Theodore Roosevelt graduated, standing twenty-second

in a class of one hundred and seventy. This rank was sufficiently high for him to enter the Phi Beta Kappa Society to which only superior scholars have even been admitted.

What had he gained in college? He had done well in his studies, particularly in natural history though he had long since given up the idea of becoming a professor of that science. He had made many friends. He had grown stronger in mind and body. He had been the editor of a college paper and held important offices in college societies.

But, after all, the most important thing he had accomplished was this: he had discovered that the greatest thing in the world is to make it better for others. A little while before he graduated, so his friend and classmate, William Roscoe Thayer, has written, he said to him, "I am going to try to help the cause of government in New York City; I don't know exactly how."

"All I can do at present in helping the government won't fill all my time," he must have added to himself, for he began the study of law in his uncle's office shortly after he left Harvard.

The more he learned about the political life of his city, the more evil he found it, and the more earnest he became in his desire to do something to make it cleaner.

"It is very foolish for that brilliant young man to enter into politics," some of Theodore's friends were already saying.

Others declared: "He will spoil his chance of making a mark in the world. He should leave politics to people like saloon-keepers and others who are no better."

But not so thought Theodore Roosevelt. "The better people are, the more interest they should take in good government," he told himself. "They should not let selfish and wicked people run our city and our State."

And so, partly because he wished to show his right to take part in the government, and partly because he felt he could help to make it better, the young man accepted the office of a New York assemblyman.

Before this, on his twenty-second birthday, he and Alice Lee were happily married.

As a member of the New York Assembly, Roosevelt gave earnest attention to the questions that came up at the State House in Al-

bany. Many of these questions seemed very important to the young man because he saw more and more clearly how many wrong things had been brought about through the work of dishonest politicians.

“Every decent person ought to fight against such wrong,” thought Roosevelt.

He, for one, was determined to fight with all his might, and fight he did. When he had been only a short time in office he laid bare different evils which had been allowed to exist. He showed up the wickedness of a dishonest judge and caused him to lose his office. He exposed other enemies of good government.

Of course he made enemies among people who feared what his honesty and love of justice were able to accomplish. Though these enemies tried their best to harm Roosevelt, the great mass of the people believed in him. They said to each other: “Here is a man who is working for our good. He should continue in the Assembly where he can fight against bad government.”

For this reason he was elected to office again, and then again. Unfortunately, how-

ever, he sometimes trusted to his own judgment alone, and was not always ready to take council with others who were good men yet did not have exactly the same ideas as himself.

“It’s a shame,” thought some of his best friends, “that Theodore Roosevelt is getting to have the ‘big head.’ ”

But he soon waked up to see where he had been wrong. “No one can do as much by himself,” he decided, “as by working with others,” and he did not forget the lesson he had learned.

In his busy life as an assemblyman, there were several pleasant vacations. The pleasantest of these probably came in the summer time during his first term of office. He had been quite ill, and life in the outdoors, he considered, would be his best medicine. Where should he go? To the Maine woods where he had always enjoyed himself and gained strength?

No, the great West was calling loudly to him: “Come out here and live in the wilderness where herds of buffaloes are roaming freely, and where you can have plenty of adventure among wild Indians and cowboys.”

The young man heeded the call. Weak and pale from illness, he boarded a train bound for Dakota, and early one September morning he landed at a tiny settlement called Medora in what have been called the "Bad Lands" of Dakota.

A rough place it was, and the few people to be met there were quite as rough as the place, as Roosevelt quickly discovered.

And they? Well, when they heard that the New York fellow in "city clothes" and wearing spectacles had come out there to hunt buffaloes, they must have laughed. As for the guide he asked for, no one knew of any.

There was a man named Ferris, however, who owned a ranch not far away and who had driven over to Medora to buy some necessary supplies. He must have taken a liking to the spectacled stranger, because he said, "Drive home with me."

Roosevelt accepted the invitation. After a few miles' ride he drew up with his new acquaintance before a log hut consisting of one room, in which Ferris and two other men kept house. There was little furniture except three chairs and a table, with three bunks to sleep in

built against the wall. The guest, though used to every comfort in his eastern home, quickly adjusted himself to the manner of living of his hosts.

They felt curious at first as to how the slim young city fellow would act in his new surroundings. They must therefore have been surprised to see how handy he made himself about the house and in the care of the horses which they kept in a corral nearby. Moreover, they were pleased at finding him "good company" and not at all "stuck up."

Nevertheless, when he told them that he longed to go after buffaloes, they wondered if he could endure long hours of riding over the rough country. They themselves were not eager for the hunt, because buffaloes were scarce thereabouts. Yet when Roosevelt showed how determined he was, Ferris said, "I will take you hunting."

Accordingly, the two started off early one morning, the ranchman with little hope of success, but his untried companion full of hope and ready for any hardship if he could only bring down some big game.

Three days of hard riding followed. The

scanty meals of hard biscuit soaked in the water of muddy pools furnished the meals of the hunters. They slept at night under the stars with their horses' saddles, to which the animals were hitched, for pillows. They met fierce half-breed Indians, who looked savage enough to wish for their scalps. They were overtaken by a chill rain which increased their discomforts.

What had they gained? They had sighted several buffaloes, losing the track of the first one as he fled over a steep hill and getting within shooting range of three others which they failed to bring down.

Later on they had come upon the same buffaloes and Roosevelt again shot at one of them, which he had wounded before. But, in the faint light of the rising moon, he missed his aim and his prey turned upon him. At the same time his horse leaped suddenly with fright and struck the rifle in his rider's hands with his rearing head. The rifle, in turn, struck Roosevelt's forehead, making a deep gash from which the blood flowed in a stream.

And now the maddened buffalo turned upon Ferris who escaped almost by a hair's breadth

and then shot at the animal twice only to miss his aim each time as the buffalo moved away into the night.

Did Roosevelt wish to give up at the end of those three days of unsuccessful hunting? By no means. His "fighting blood" was up and his weariness forgotten as a fresh start was made on the fourth morning away from the ranch.

His reward came shortly when he killed a huge bull buffalo.

By this time his companion was saying in surprise to himself, "A young aristocrat from the east can have as much courage and persistence as any cowboy on the western plains."

When Roosevelt's vacation came to an end, his love of the wild life he had experienced was so great that he wished for more of it.

Not only this: he wished to buy the log cabin at Chimney Butte and have it for one of his homes. To be sure, rattlesnakes crept through the tall grass of the country around, wolves prowled near-by at night, and Indians might be met with at any moment. But the thought of possible danger added to the zest of the hunting trips to be had in that wild

country. And so, when the sale was agreed upon, the young man returned to New York, delighted with his purchase.

Busy years followed. After Roosevelt had entered on his third term of office and had made a name for himself in his State, sorrow fell upon him. First, his loved mother was taken away, and a few hours afterwards his wife died, leaving a day-old baby to comfort the young father.

How was Roosevelt to bear such heavy losses? Should he give up work and brood over his sorrow?

“By no means,” he thought. “I will keep on with my work, for that is the best thing I can do.”

Consequently he strove hard to help the governor, Grover Cleveland, in bringing about certain needed reforms; and afterwards he was sent to Chicago to take part in a convention gathered there to nominate a Republican President of the United States.

He did faithful work at the convention though he made enemies because what he believed was the right course was different from that of many others of the delegates.

It grieved him very much that he should have won their ill will, and he was distressed to such an extent, that when the convention came to an end he was quite ready to carry out a plan which he had first considered when the loss of his wife and mother fell upon him.

"I will leave city life behind me," he promised himself. "I will again seek the wilds of North Dakota for rest and the refreshing of my spirit."

A few days after his decision was made he was back in the great West among the ranchmen he had become acquainted with on his first trip there. The next month, however, he was called back to New York on business, and while there he wrote a letter to Bill Sewall, the strong-bodied, big-hearted backwoodsman with whom he had camped in the Maine woods. In his letter Roosevelt asked Sewall whether he and Wilmot Dow would like to run a cow ranch with him in the wilds of Dakota.

Not long afterwards the young New Yorker and the two backwoodsmen were enjoying life together on a second ranch which Roosevelt

had purchased on the little Missouri River about forty miles from Chimney Butte, and called Elkhorn.

There, on the edge of a bluff facing the river, a comfortable house was built out of cottonwood logs.

The nearest neighbors lived many miles away. But little was the master of Elkhorn troubled by this. From his veranda he could watch the cattle grazing near by. And besides, once in a while a deer passed that way, while in winter even wolves and lynxes came stalking past the ranch.

The housekeeping in which Roosevelt merrily shared was very simple till the time came when Sewall and Dow married and brought their wives to Elkhorn. Then what a change came about when the two women took charge of the home! How delicious the puddings and the jellies they made out of wild plums and buffalo-berries seemed to the men of the household!

It fell to their lot to supply meat for the table, so there was many a hunt after deer and antelopes and other game, and sometimes the hunters returned with the carcass of an elk, or

perhaps a goodly supply of bear or buffalo meat.

The hunting trips after game were play compared with the long rides after the cattle when storms were raging, and the round-ups when the herd had to be gathered in from distances many miles away. There were no fences in that wild country, and the only way the ranchmen had of knowing their own cattle was by the particular mark given by the branding iron. Most exciting and dangerous times of all were when the cattle took fright and stampeded.

One of Roosevelt's hardest experiences was caused by such a stampede. A heavy thunder-storm had come up in the night while he was away from home on a round-up. The cattle were seized with fright and fled in all directions. The ground shook under their feet as they thundered along. Yet Roosevelt, sitting on his pony in their midst, was cool and collected, though at any moment he might have been crushed to death.

On he pressed and still on, trying to keep up with the fleeing cattle. He was thrown from his pony more than once as the rough

ground made his brave little animal turn sudden somersaults.

In his course he forded a dangerous river. Every moment danger stared him in the face. And when at last his work was finished and the cattle brought safely back, he had been in the saddle almost steadily for forty hours!

This was the man who had been a weak, sickly boy, but who had become strong and enduring through his own determined will. This was the same man who had been a timid lad whose heart beat fast when other boys sought to bully him.

How had he conquered fear? By acting as if he were not afraid, so he afterwards wrote. By so acting, he believed, one can drive fear out of the heart.

Many of the rough men of that wild western country called Roosevelt a "tenderfoot" when they first met him. But when they saw that he could bear hardships as well as they; when they found that he took delight in hunting the fiercest wild creatures of the plains and mountains, and that even a meeting with a grizzly had no terror for him, they decided that the

term "tenderfoot" did not fit this young New Yorker.

He made many lifelong friends among those rough westerners, and though there were lawless characters among them, he treated them so justly and kindly that he seldom met with trouble.

Nearly three years crowded full of adventure passed by for the young ranchman. During this time there were several visits to New York from which he always gladly returned to his free, adventurous life in the West.

But one September day in the year 1886, as he sat quietly in his log house at Elkhorn, he read in a newspaper that the Independent Party of New York City had nominated him for mayor.

Then and there he must have said to himself something like this, "As mayor I could do a great work fighting against wrong conditions in New York."

At any rate, he at once made ready for a journey east, where he stayed till the election had taken place and he found that he had failed to receive it.

Shortly afterwards he went to Europe, and

there, in London, he was married, December 2, 1886, to Edith Kermit Carow whose picture, you remember, once stirred him, a sickly little lad in Europe, with homesickness.

The happy couple stayed in Europe for several months, after which they came back to the United States to live in a charming home which Mr. Roosevelt had built on Sagamore Hill near the shores of Oyster Bay, Long Island. There were beautiful trees around the home, and near by were hills and dales and the clear waters of the Sound.

Here, whenever he pleased, the young master of the home could devote himself to writing. He had already given the world the valuable history he had begun in college, and during his ranch life he had managed to put in spare hours penning his hunting experiences in the West. And now that he had more leisure hours, he wrote more about these, and was also busy on a life of Gouverneur Morris, and on a book concerning practical politics.

He was still careful to take plenty of exercise outdoors, playing many a game of polo, fox-hunting with his hounds, walking and driving. Then, too, there were many trips

over to New York City, only thirty miles distant, where he took a small but interesting part in politics.

From time to time the West called him, saying, "Come out again into the wilderness where you have had such pleasure and such sport."

Then for a few weeks, books would be laid aside, a good-by said to the Long Island home, and Roosevelt would travel back to the haunts he loved, to take part in a round-up, or a hunting trip among the Rockies.

Soon after his return from one of these trips he was made very happy by the birth of his little son, Theodore.

"What shall be my life work?" Roosevelt was asking himself by this time. He was now well known to Americans as a forceful writer, a courageous hunter, and a man who had done good work for his State. But having a strong will and great energy, he wondered how he could make his life still more valuable to his fellow men.

Then came the year 1889, and with it an invitation to Roosevelt from the President of the United States, Benjamin Harrison, to be-

come one of the three Civil Service Commissioners whom he was about to appoint.

Such a commission had been in existence only a short time, though it had long been needed. Much good could be done by it because, if its work were carried out faithfully, the people who served our government would be chosen because they deserved it, and not because of the say-so of dishonest politicians.

Roosevelt knew that as such a commissioner he could do most helpful work for his country. People holding office under the government must show on careful examination that they were worthy and capable.

"I will accept the invitation," he decided at once.

But his friends held up their hands in regret at the idea.

"Theodore Roosevelt has too much ability to settle down to be merely a commissioner," they said to each other. "He will lose his chance of gaining a much higher position in the government of the United States."

Whatever they thought, however, made no difference to Roosevelt, so long as he believed he had decided rightly. So he went to Wash-

ington and plunged into his new duties with as much energy as he would have fought a grizzly.

Sometimes he was criticised by people less honest and straightforward than himself. Many a time he must have set his teeth hard in carrying out what he believed right. Many a time he must have chuckled at his victories over spoilsmen who would have caused faithful workers to lose their positions so that they could put their own friends in place of them.

In the meantime he made himself at home in Washington, showing himself kindly to all sorts of people.

“What a strange person!” said some, when they saw him treating rough uneducated men from the western prairies in as open and brotherly a way as the highest officers of the government.

Others looked on and smiled, simply calling Roosevelt an odd fellow whom they did not quite understand, but who was certainly doing important work in enforcing the Civil Service laws.

Six years passed in Washington, filled to the brim with hard work, but with enough play

and exercise to keep the brave, energetic man strong and happy.

At the end of that time an offer came to him from the Mayor of New York City, asking him to become President of the Board of Police Commissioners there.

"If I accept, there will be some hard fighting for me," Roosevelt must have said to himself.

He was well aware that conditions in his home city were bad, very bad indeed. The police did not do their duty. Many of them took bribes so that gamblers went free, and many law-breakers were not brought to justice. When the police knew that money would be paid them for shutting their eyes to wicked deeds, some of them were ready to appear blind.

After taking into consideration all the difficulties before him, Roosevelt accepted the Mayor's offer, and soon afterwards he began his fight to make New York City a better place to live in.

First of all, he showed that he meant to be just. He therefore learned everything possible about the lives of the men on the police

force and saw that they were rewarded for every noble deed they did.

Not only in the daytime did the energetic commissioner work, because he knew well that in the darkness of the night most of the evil deeds were done.

"I am going to see things for myself," thought Roosevelt.

And so, on many a black night he wandered through narrow, crooked streets where saloons and gambling dens were to be found, taking many an evildoer by surprise.

Dangerous work this? Undoubtedly, because men who hated the law might come upon him unawares in those dark streets, seeking to take his life. But Roosevelt was without fear for himself.

A happy day came to him when he became acquainted with another man in New York who was as interested as himself in doing away with evil places and in helping the people in the slums to have better homes. This was the immigrant, Jacob Riis, who has since become known throughout the United States for his noble work among the poor.

The two men, Roosevelt and Riis, spent

many a night together, wandering through the slums. At such times the commissioner learned much that would help him in working for better government in his city. He discovered why there was so much sickness and why so many little children died in the slums; and because of his discoveries he fought hard to have tenements not fit to live in torn down, and better ones built in their places.

A bitter fight Roosevelt fought in those days against wrong and wickedness. But when he became weary, he could always get rested and refreshed in his home at Sagamore Hill where a devoted wife and children were ever ready to welcome him.

Roosevelt had not held office long before people in New York, and indeed throughout the United States, became aware that he was engaged in a brave fight.

He himself was not satisfied, however. He felt sure that he could do still greater work. Therefore, when President McKinley asked him to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he accepted the offer and went to Washington to take up his new duties.

"There is much for us to do," thought

Roosevelt. "If war should arise, the United States ought to be prepared."

There was another matter which interested him. It was the sad condition of the island of Cuba, only a little ways off the coast of the United States. Cuba belonged to Spain, and her Spanish masters had treated her people so cruelly that they had revolted and fought bitterly to throw off the yoke of Spain. But they were too weak to succeed in their revolution.

"We should go to the aid of our Cuban brothers," thought many Americans, Roosevelt among them.

Not long afterwards our battleship, the *Maine*, was blown up in Havana Harbor.

"This means war—only war!" was the cry that rang angrily throughout the United States.

There were some people, however, who thought we should not hurry to begin a fight with the Spaniards. Roosevelt, on the other hand, felt that not a moment must be lost in getting ready for action. Never in his life had he striven more determinedly than now. Through his efforts the scattered battleships of

the American fleet were speedily gathered together and Admiral Dewey, the commander of the Pacific fleet, held his ships near the coast of Asia ready, in case of war, to keep the Spanish fleet stationed there from getting away to do harm elsewhere.

On the twenty-first day of April, 1898, war was declared.

"I will enter it," Roosevelt declared. He at once offered to raise a regiment to be made up largely of men of the western plains. The offer was accepted, and he was invited to become the colonel of the regiment.

But Roosevelt said, "No." He felt that he did not understand enough about leading a regiment into action. He therefore proposed that Doctor Leonard Wood, a trained fighter in Indian wars, should be made colonel, and he himself should be given the post of lieutenant colonel.

When this had been done he asked for volunteers. Answers came speedily from cowboys and ranchmen, strong of build and able to endure hardship; from New York society men; from football and polo players; college students; Indians and crack oarsmen — all

eager to fight under Theodore Roosevelt whom they admired deeply.

Indeed, so many volunteered that great numbers had to be refused admission to the ranks of the "Rough Riders," as the First Volunteer Cavalry soon came to be called throughout the country.

Colonel Wood began the training of the regiment at San Antonio, Texas, while Roosevelt remained for a while at Washington to hasten preparations for war. Then, after giving up his post there in May, he joined Colonel Wood to help in the training of the Rough Riders.

After a month the regiment was ordered to Tampa, Florida, from whence it soon sailed for Cuba.

Shortly after their arrival at the island the Rough Riders came upon the Spaniards in a wild, rough country of mountains and jungles. And on July first and second, Roosevelt led his men in a daring attack upon San Juan Hill. The Hill was captured, but during the attack nearly one fifth of the men engaged in the struggle were killed or wounded.

During those difficult days the young com-

mander, new to war, did not falter or fear. Where the danger was greatest he was sure to be.

"Wherever the bullets are flying thickest, you'll find him," one of the soldiers said at the time. "He's the greatest thing you ever heard of."

When the news in regard to the fight and the way Roosevelt conducted himself in it reached the United States, he instantly became a hero in the eyes of his countrymen.

Hard days followed the taking of San Juan Hill, followed by long weeks of waiting in the hot, sickly Cuban climate. This was because the Spaniards would not yet declare themselves beaten, though Santiago had been taken and their war fleet had been destroyed by Admiral Dewey.

In that time of waiting Roosevelt, who was now a colonel, watched with a heavy heart while his brave Rough Riders, obliged to sleep in the open, without any cover even in the heaviest rains, and with poor food, were laid low with fever. At one time more than half of the soldiers in the regiment were seriously ill.

Their commander did all he could for the men whom he loved. He shared their discomforts. He went about cheering the sick and trying to keep up their courage. Yet all the time he was thinking, "Why does not the government at Washington order the army back to the United States where the men can recover their health for more fighting, if that shall be needed?"

At last, unable to keep silent any longer, he wrote a letter to his commanding officer, General Shafter. Among other things he said: "To keep us here, in the opinion of every officer commanding a division or brigade, will simply involve the destruction of thousands. There is no possible reason for not shipping practically the entire command North at once."

That letter proved to be a very important one. A few hours after it was received by General Shafter, it was telegraphed to the United States.

A council of war of the leading army officers followed, and they forthwith sent to Washington a round robin in which the danger of keeping the army longer in Cuba

was plainly stated. The round robin was published in the newspapers and the people who read it threw up their hands in horror.

"It is shameful," declared many, "that our brave soldiers should be allowed to sicken and die without need."

So great was the indignation aroused that the government promptly ordered the army home. Great numbers of the men were so ill that they were sent to Montauk Point, Long Island, to be nursed back to health.

Alas! many returned to their homeland too late to be saved. Nevertheless there were thousands of others in the army who could say to their friends, "My life has been spared through the timely words of Theodore Roosevelt."

While he was at Montauk Point, waiting to be ordered out of service, Roosevelt went about among the sick soldiers who had served under him, striving as best he could to comfort and cheer them.

Leading men in politics were already discussing his future. Some of them were thinking, "Theodore Roosevelt would make a good President of the United States. He is a man

of great power and the people of this country love and admire him."

But it was not the year for nominating a new President, and it was the time for the State of New York to choose a governor. So it came about that a visit to Montauk Point was made by some leading men of New York State to ask Roosevelt if he would run for governor. The answer was a favorable one. The election came in November. It made Theodore Roosevelt the governor of the most important State in the Union.

He plunged energetically into his new work. Ahead of him were battles in which no muskets would be fired; but bullets of hard common sense and of firm, wise deeds must be continually used.

You can understand what kind of fighting Roosevelt had to do when you remember what his old friend, Jacob Riis, said of him at the time: that he introduced the ten commandments into the government at Albany. In other words, he endeavored to make that government honest and helpful to all classes of people.

Among other things he strove to have the

Civil Service laws carried out as they had not been before. He tried to make the workers in factories treated more justly. He fought with all his might to prevent corporations from having more power than was their right. In whatever he did he acted without fear; and though he made enemies among evildoers, he succeeded in bringing about many wise reforms in his State.

Both friends and political enemies were now beginning to talk about him as a future Vice-President. The latter people, who had only selfish ends, said to each other: "Theodore Roosevelt is a man of power. Hence he is able to work against our interests. If he should become Vice-President, he would be sidetracked like most of the previous men in that office, and we should have nothing more to fear from him."

At first Roosevelt's answer in regard to a nomination was a decided, "No." But when he found that great numbers of people throughout the country wished it, he agreed to become a candidate. His election followed, and the Roosevelt family moved to Washington for the third time.

“What shall I do with all my leisure hours?” the new Vice-President considered after he had been sworn into office on March 4, 1901. He knew that his main duty would be to preside over the Senate which generally had a long vacation during the summer. “I will finish the law studies which I began in my youth,” he decided. “And I will write books.”

There is an old saying that “Man proposes but God disposes.” So it was with the plans made at that time by Roosevelt.

It happened that during the following summer President McKinley went to Buffalo, New York, to attend an exposition being held there. On the sixth of September he gave a public reception in the city. In among the great gathering of people a man made his way, maddened by hatred of all rulers. This man carried a revolver with which he planned to take the life of the President. Suddenly the people gathered there heard a shot—two shots—and all was instant confusion as the word spread that the President had been wounded.

When the sad tidings reached Roosevelt, who was on an island in Lake Champlain, he

hastened to Buffalo. How fast the thoughts must have rushed through his mind! Suppose — suppose — the President's wound should prove fatal. Suppose it should fall to him to take the highest office in the United States!

When he reached Buffalo, however, McKinley's physicians told him that their patient was not in danger, so he left the city to join his wife and children in the Adirondacks. Two days afterwards he went for a tramp with a party of friends. He had climbed a mountain and was on his way down when a man came out of the forest onto the trail below.

Something within Roosevelt said to him, "That man is a messenger bringing sad news about the President."

This proved to be the case. The messenger bore a telegram which read, "The President's condition has changed for the worse."

Roosevelt, fifty miles from the railroad, in the midst of mountain wilderness, knew that he must not waste a moment in getting back to Buffalo. Making all haste possible, with the minutes seeming like hours, he reached the railroad station miles away only to receive the message that President McKinley was dead.

Hurrying on to Buffalo in the locomotive which had been sent for him, he took his oath of office as President of the United States shortly after his arrival.

Since we all know what kind of a man Roosevelt had proved himself to be in other positions, it seems natural that as President he showed himself a fighter. Not a fighter for the mere love of fighting, however! But if he thought a fight necessary in bringing about what he believed to be right, he never hesitated to engage in it. He meant every word of it when he said, "Speak softly, but carry a stick."

He prevented war with other countries more than once during the years in which he was head of the nation. He succeeded in bringing about many important reforms. He saw to it that his country kept her promises. He settled troubles which had arisen with Great Britain about the boundaries of Alaska. He made Americans living in foreign countries sure that their flag would protect them wherever they went in the world. He worked with all his might to have justice carried out in the United States, so that the poor and weak,

as well as the rich and powerful, should have fair play.

Among the important things he accomplished was bringing a strike of miners to a peaceful settlement. The men had demanded better pay, refusing to work till they should receive it. The owners of the mines would not heed these demands. Months passed, and no coal was mined. Winter came on and people suffered from need of fuel.

"I can not rest, idly watching such suffering," thought Roosevelt, and he offered to preside at a meeting of the mine owners and the miners to bring about a settlement. At last a meeting was held, an agreement made, and the miners returned to their work. No one can say how much suffering was prevented by the President's action.

Another great thing was accomplished when Roosevelt brought about the end of a terrible war between Russia and Japan. The war had been raging for eighteen months when he offered to act as peacemaker between the two countries. His offer was accepted, and Russian and Japanese commissioners sailed to this country to meet our President and talk over

the situation. Through him an agreement was finally made and the Russo-Japanese War came to an end.

Not long afterwards the Nobel Peace Prize was awarded this man of whom his enemies had said, "He would rather fight than eat."

The greatest work of all, perhaps, which Roosevelt brought about during his nearly eight years of life in the White House was the building of the Panama Canal. There were many difficulties to be overcome before this was made possible. But Roosevelt had long since decided that for the good of the United States the gigantic work must be done. As we know to-day, he met with success; the necessary money was raised; other countries were satisfied, and the health of the men sent to build the canal was carefully protected from disease.

As the work went on, President Roosevelt and his wife took a trip to the Isthmus of Panama to see how well the canal was being built. Then, as always when away from his children, he found time to write to them about whatever he saw that would interest them.

One of his letters on board the ship carry-

ing him to the Isthmus was to his third son, Quentin. It began this way:

Blessed Quentin:

You would be amused at the pets they have aboard this ship. They have two young bulldogs, a cat, three little raccoons and a tiny Cuban goat. They seem to be very amiable with one another, although I think the cat has suspicions of all the rest. The coons clamber about everywhere, and the other afternoon while I was sitting reading, I suddenly felt my finger seized in a pair of soft black paws and found the coon sniffing at it, making me feel a little uncomfortable lest it might think the finger something good to eat."

In this way the great man wrote on, showing that with all his heavy cares, he could turn at will to describe what a small boy would be interested in.

When Roosevelt entered on his second term as President he did so with a joyful heart. Before this he felt his high position had come accidentally, through McKinley's death. But now, when he found that a larger number of votes had been cast for him than for any President before, he could say to himself, "The people of my country want me and I am glad."

Yes, by this time he was a great hero in the eyes of his countrymen.

During his presidency he made many enemies,—some because they did not agree with all his ideas, and others because of selfish interests. But the great majority of the American people so loved and believed in him that when his second term expired, a great many wished him to continue in office.

Never before in American history had a President served a third term, and when Roosevelt's friends proposed this to him he said, "No" decisively, and made plans for a long trip to Africa.

He had had short vacations during his life in the White House. Otherwise he could not have stood the strain of his many duties. There had been happy summers at Oyster Bay when he romped with his children, cut down trees in the woodland, pitched hay, and rowed and walked to his heart's content. And there had been several tramps among the mountains of the West.

Sometimes, too, there were brief trips to a charming little house which the President had bought in western Virginia. There he

and his family could live simply, forgetting for a while the formal life of the Capitol.

There were also occasional "hikes" out into the country with his sons, when the President wore knickerbockers and felt for the time being as free and light-hearted as a boy.

In the White House itself there were often family merry-makings. There were games with the children and story hours in which their father told tales of the wild creatures he had met in his various adventures, or read to them from their favorite books.

Many a letter Roosevelt found time to write to his older sons while they were away at school, giving good advice and showing his tender love for them.

He was interested in everything which interested his children. Because of this he wrote in a letter to Mrs. Elizabeth Phelps Ward, "At this moment, my small daughter being out, I am acting as nurse to two nice guinea pigs which she feels would not be safe in the room without me—and if I can prevent it, I do not intend to have wanton suffering inflicted on any creature."

Many of their loved father's letters were

preserved by his children and have since been gathered together in a most interesting book.

More than a year before Roosevelt ceased to be President he sent a fleet of American battleships around the world, to show the people of other lands that the United States was a powerful country. These ships stopped at many ports in their voyage and reached their homeland only a few days before the reins of government were handed over to a new President.

Already Roosevelt was making plans for his African expedition. His son Kermit was to be one of the party whose special work was to collect specimens for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

“I do not like the thought of Roosevelt going to the wilds of Africa,” thought many of his friends. “Danger and illness may await him there.” But their fears for his safety did not hold him back.

So it came about that a few weeks after he left the White House he and Kermit were on their way to Italy, to take passage there in a steamer bound for East Africa.

After a short stay in Naples, the party

steamed on their way southward to Africa, where at Mombasa they found that arrangements were already made for them to go with trained African hunters on an expedition into the wilderness.

In the weeks that followed Roosevelt feasted his eyes on the wonders to be met with in the heart of the "Dark Continent." He gazed upon myriads of strange, beautiful birds and wild flowers. He studied the life of the natives of the country. He engaged in one exciting hunt after another. He followed wild elephants in their paths through the jungle. He trailed lions. He fought with hippopotamuses. He hunted giraffes and cheetahs and hartbeests. He and his young son killed some of the fiercest creatures of the wilderness, following many a trail where cobras and other deadly snakes lurked in the tall grass beneath their feet.

There was one experience which was different from all the others. It was a battle with fever. Ever since the Spanish War days, when Roosevelt was in Cuba with his Rough Riders, he had suffered at times with malarial fever. Now, in the jungle, it came upon him

suddenly; but fortunately it was soon overcome.

He spent about a year on his African hunt. Then he bade good-by to Africa and turned homeward, stopping on his way in various countries of Europe, where he was received with more honors than had ever been given any American before him. In Paris he made a speech on "Citizenship in a Republic" before three thousand of the greatest men in France, and his words stirred his hearers deeply.

He was entertained by many European kings and queens. Afterwards, upon the death of King Edward VII of England, at the request of President Taft, he acted as special Ambassador of the United States at the King's funeral.

From the beginning to the end of his stay in Europe the greatest people of Europe delighted in paying every possible attention to the great American, Theodore Roosevelt, who had become a world figure.

Fifteen months after he had sailed out of New York harbor, he returned to the United States to find it in a state of unrest. Many

things had been brought about by the government which did not seem right to the common people.

“Will not Roosevelt help us?” considered many in the crowds of devoted followers who gathered in the streets of New York to welcome him.

“What can I do that will give the best aid?” he must have asked himself.

He was soon busy making speeches in different parts of the country. Wherever he went he spoke plainly regarding what he considered should be the purpose of all laws,—to completely and entirely safeguard the well-being of the people.

His enemies shouted that he was a boss, in other words, that he *drove* others to believe as he did.

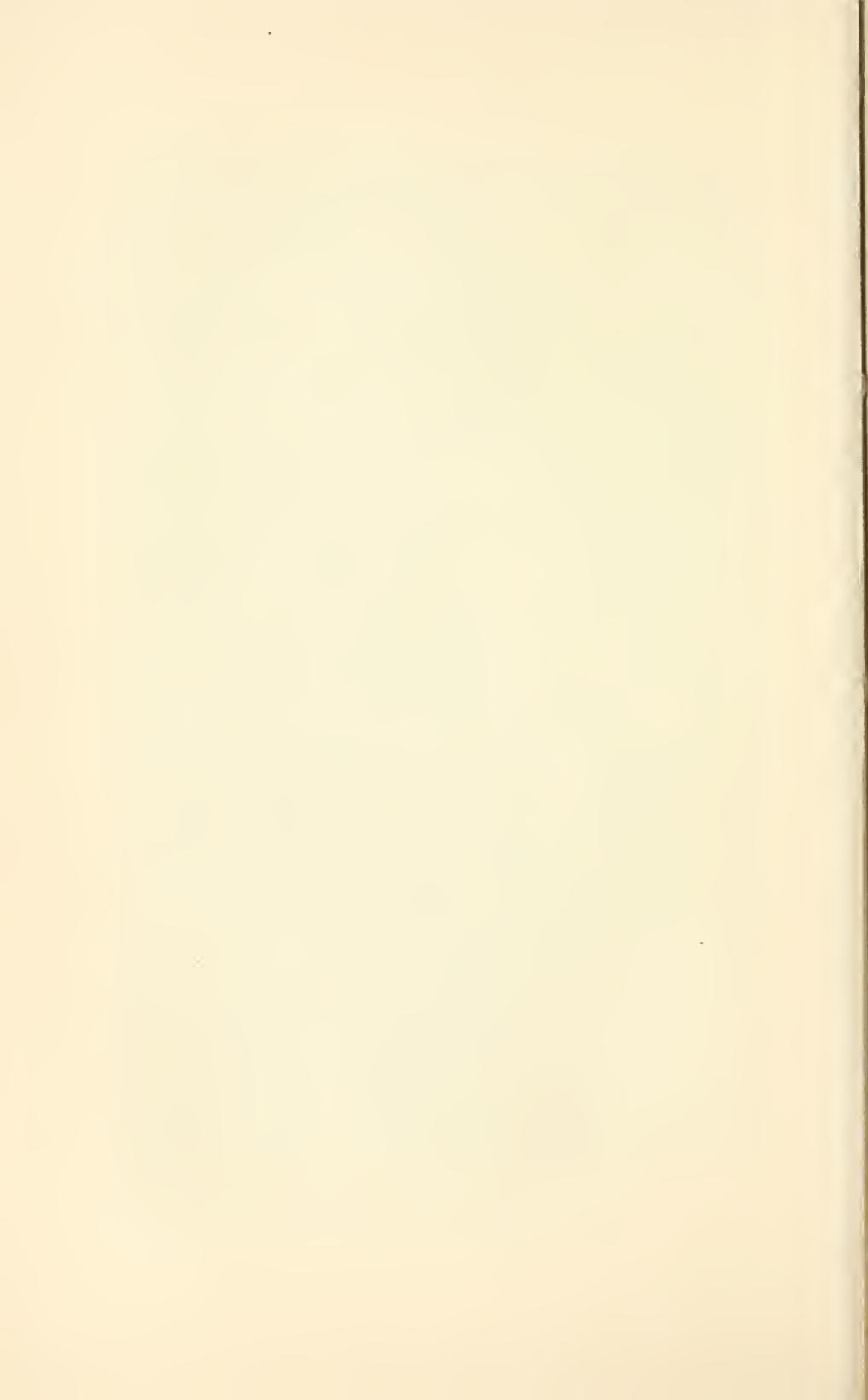
His friends, on the other hand, declared that he was a leader,—a leader ever anxious to guide people in what he believed was the way of justice. The feeling was strong on both sides.

In 1912 the time came to choose a new President. The Progressive Republicans decided that no one was so fitted to guide the nation as



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COLONEL ROOSEVELT ADDRESSING FIFTEEN HUNDRED OF  
HIS SUPPORTERS AT SAGAMORE HILL



Theodore Roosevelt, and with his permission they nominated him.

A bitter fight followed between the two leading political parties. Roosevelt went from place to place fighting for the cause of the Progressive Republicans. There were some who said that the honors bestowed on him in Europe had given him a "big head." There were others who insisted that he had forgotten himself in the cause he was defending.

One evening—it was in the City of Milwaukee—when he was on his way to make a speech in the auditorium there, he was suddenly shot by an insane man who believed that God had called upon him to end Roosevelt's life. What was his first care? It was that this would-be murderer should not be injured by the furious people who gathered around him.

After that, in spite of entreaty, he insisted on going at once to the auditorium that he might address the gathering there. In that vast hall, before ten thousand listeners, he spoke for an hour and a half, kept up by the desire to have the people of Milwaukee better understand the cause in which he had faith.

Then, when the speech was ended, he went to a hospital where a bullet was found lying in his breast, close to his right lung.

The wound was so severe that he was kept from further speech-making for two weeks, after which he returned to it with his old energy. In the coming election, Woodrow Wilson was chosen President by the majority of the American people.

Shortly afterwards, Roosevelt went hunting in the Rockies with two of his sons and had interesting adventures among the Indians of the Southwest. He had an unusual experience there, being allowed to witness the Sacred Snake Dance of the Hopi Indians.

Late in the following summer he returned home, after which he began to prepare for a voyage to South America. He had been invited to speak in different countries there on the subject of good government. He wished to accept the invitation and also to have some hunting in South American jungles.

The following autumn found him traveling in various countries of South America and making speeches which won great admiration.

No other praise he had received in his life was stronger than the words spoken of him there, when the people called him "a world man" and said, "Roosevelt is the United States."

When the time came for him to leave the crowds behind him and go hunting in the wilderness, he found adventures a-plenty awaiting him. There were encounters with jaguars, panthers and other fierce creatures. There were visits to native Indian villages. There were canoe trips down dangerous streams where rapids were met, too dangerous for the canoe to pass over, and the hunters were obliged to carry their luggage afoot for long distances through the hot, damp jungle. There was the exploration of a river one thousand miles long, the source of which had never been discovered by the natives.

Fever lurked in the jungle, deadly as the serpents that had their homes there, and many of the party were stricken with it. In Africa Roosevelt had been able to resist it. But in South America he was seized tightly in its clutches and for two days he was ill near unto death.

His son, Kermit, also lay very ill for a time; but after a few days in which hope for recovery must have been small, the hunters were able to start out again, and seven weeks after they had entered the jungle they came once more upon traces of civilization.

Roosevelt returned to the United States in May, 1914. Soon afterwards, in August, the Great War broke out in Europe, and he began at once to plead with his countrymen to prepare for fighting, if need be. He declared that the army and navy should be made stronger. At the same time he pointed out the need of a league of nations.

To many people, the idea of a league of nations did not fit in with the making of strong armaments, and Roosevelt was ridiculed. But he was not turned from his belief, and continued to write and to speak in defence of what he thought was necessary for the safety of his country.

One terrible happening in Europe followed another while our government waited and did not act. The *Lusitania* was sunk, and still nothing was done, while Roosevelt still pleaded with the people to prepare for fight-

ing against Germany. At last the time came when the United States entered the war.

Roosevelt almost immediately offered to lead a regiment. Already, as he knew, there were two hundred thousand men who would be glad to fight under his command. The United States Government refused his offer.

He had one comfort, however; he had four sons to give to the cause; and these four, strong in their father's spirit, promptly enlisted. The youngest, Quentin, who was only nineteen, chose the department of aviation.

We know to-day what sorrow came to Theodore Roosevelt before the terrible war ended: the oldest son, Theodore, was gassed and wounded, while Quentin, who had become first lieutenant in the American Aero Squadron, was killed during an air battle with the Germans.

The loss of this son was a bitter one to the loving father. It was harder to bear because of his poor health. He had never been well since his illness in South America, which had left a poison in his system. In fact, a few months before Quentin was killed, he lay so

ill in a New York hospital that for days his life was almost despaired of.

Through his strong will, however, he recovered sufficiently to take part in active life again. Even on the day after the news of Quentin's death reached him, with his heart aching over his loss, he spoke at a political convention in Saratoga as earnestly as usual.

A few more times after that he appeared in public. Then, on November 11, the day famous for the signing of the armistice, he became very ill and was taken to Roosevelt Hospital in New York City. He suffered much and longed to be back in his beautiful home at Sagamore Hill. And so on Christmas Eve he was carried there, where he could have his family and friends about him.

Ten happy days followed for the sick man, in which he seemed to be improving. Then came an evening—the fifth of January, 1919—spent in the company of his loved ones. Before sunlight of the next day Theodore Roosevelt had quietly passed away.

When the news of his death spread through the country, there was great sorrow. Whatever failings he had possessed were lost sight

of in the memory of his many noble deeds. Deep was the sense of loss of his countrymen as they thought of the strong will which had been ever ready to overcome obstacles, of the faithfulness in performing duty, of the readiness to help in big things and in little, and of the depth of love for others which none realized probably so fully as the wife and children and grandchildren who had been so dear to him.

"A great American, a *real* American in every sense, has gone from among us," cried millions of people.

Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington, has been carefully preserved that his countrymen may at any time visit the place loved by the "Father of his Country." No more fitting shrine to the world-famed patriot, Theodore Roosevelt, could be found than the house where he was born. This early home on East Twentieth Street, New York City, has been dedicated as a national memorial, and in it may be seen the gymnasium outfit used by the delicate boy when he began his tremendous fight for health and strength that resulted in such a wonderfully helpful manhood.

## HERBERT CLARK HOOVER

### *The Man of Great Heart*

WITHOUT doubt you feel that you know that wise man, Herbert Hoover, though you may never have looked upon his face or listened to his voice.

Why is this? Because you have heard so much about his tender thought for others who were in need; thousands, tens of thousands, yes, millions of men, women and little children have been saved from suffering and death through his loving thought.

Mr. Hoover's work has not ended with the end of the war, because suffering has continued in Europe since the fighting stopped. But we will consider this later on. At present let us go back to the beginning of the great man's beautiful life and think of him as a helpless baby, like other helpless babies the world over.

On a summer night in August, 1874, he first opened his eyes in the village of West Branch, Iowa. It was about midnight, but whether

just before or just after, or exactly as the clock struck twelve, no one knows to this day. The rest of the household were too much interested in the little boy's arrival to look at the clock till an hour or so after he was born.

And so, if you should meet Mr. Hoover and ask him the date of his birth, he very likely might shake his head and answer with a smile, "I really can't tell you whether it was the tenth or eleventh of August. But after all, what does it matter?"

The baby's parents were Friends, or Quakers, as they are commonly called, and all the people in that part of West Branch where they lived were of the same faith as themselves.

When Herbert was born he found an older brother, Theodore, ready to greet him, and after several years his little sister Mary was born.

He had a happy home. His parents were kind and tender, but firm with their children; and near by were aunts and uncles and cousins and grandparents, all devoted to the little folks and anxious to have them enjoy themselves.

When Herbert was only six years old a sad

change came in the household,—the loving father was seized with illness from which he did not recover. Then only four years afterwards the wise, tender mother also died, leaving her three children orphans.

They were not so badly off as many other orphans, however, because their father had left enough money to support them, if it were carefully used, and there were many kind Quaker relatives ready to take the children into their homes. At first they lived with their dear grandmother Minthorn; but after a while Mary alone was left in her keeping.

Then came the first real adventure in Herbert's life: he was sent out to the Indian Territory to live with an uncle who had been stationed there by the United States Government as an Indian agent.

How different the boy's life was, out there among painted savages carrying tomahawks and bows and arrows, from what it had been in a quiet Iowa village where talk of bloodshed and hatred were seldom heard! But the lad was not long to stay among such surroundings. "It will never do," some of his uncles and aunts were already saying to each other.

"The boy is fast growing up and needs school-ing. Besides, life among the Indians is too ex-citing for him."

Accordingly he was sent back to Iowa to live with his Uncle Allan and his Aunt Millie whom he adored. With plenty of young cousins in the home to play with, and with his brother living only a short distance away on the farm of another uncle, he was very happy. Grandmother Minthorn and his little sister Mary also lived near him, and there were delightful visits back and forth among the different relatives.

Two years went by like the wind, with sliding and skating in winter, the tapping of maple trees and sugar-making in spring, fish-ing and berrying and the liveliest frolics in summer and autumn; and in between times Theodore and Herbert, both of whom were inventive, busied themselves in making things which their fancy suggested.

For instance, Herbert never forgot the rough harness shaped by boy hands for a calf which he and a young cousin owned together.

"Our calf can work in the grain fields for us," they had decided.

Consequently, when the harness was finished and fitted upon the calf's back, the training began. At first all went well. But one day this new beast of burden became unmanageable and dragged the cultivator to which it was fastened across, instead of between, the rows of growing grain, destroying the young shoots in the most shocking manner. Of course the calf was never trusted again with that kind of work. But the boys soon set it to a different task.

"The calf can surely turn the sorghum mill which we made," considered Herbert.

So once more the poor little beast was set to work; and to the boy's delight, the sorghum juice began to flow from the mill with no labor except that of the patient calf.

Of course there was school to attend during those two happy years, and it was a long distance from home. But walking in the fresh country air was pleasant, especially when there were fun-loving playmates to keep one company on the way.

At the end of two joyous years Herbert was told that there was to be a change: he was to go away out to Newberg, Oregon, to live with

his uncle, John Minthorn, who was a physician and also the principal of a Quaker academy.

Little Mary had already gone to Oregon with Grandmother Minthorn, but that did not make it much easier for Herbert to leave his brother Theodore and Aunt Millie, to say nothing of the cousins with whom he had enjoyed so many lively frolics.

There was considerable sport for the lad, however, in getting ready for the long journey and in watching his aunt prepare dainties dear to his boy's stomach, to be eaten on the way. There was tender chicken, deliciously cooked; and there were pies and cakes, cookies and juicy apples. Once the start was made it was great fun to look at the strange sights to be seen from the car window.

When the journey was at last over, Herbert found himself at his Uncle John's home. Sad to say, he found that it was not a farm, which to his mind was the best kind of a place for a home. Moreover, he did not enjoy getting his lessons in an academy nearly as well as in the little district school back in Iowa.

The next change, which was made after two

or more years, was also decidedly unpleasant for Herbert. He was no longer to be with his Uncle John who was to leave Newberg and move to the city of Salem.

"It would not be wise to take my nephew with me," this uncle decided. "He should remain where he can go on with his studies in the academy."

Accordingly Herbert was sent to live with a Grandfather Miles who had a farm on the borders of Newberg.

Now, this old man was rather stern and he had strict ideas about training children. He believed they should have regular duties and that too much play was not for their good. Herbert, consequently, who had up to this time been petted a good deal by tender-hearted uncles and aunts, suddenly found thorns among the roses of his young life.

He didn't enjoy the discovery at all. Neither did he like the idea of what was ahead of him if he remained where he was at present: after he graduated from the Pacific Academy he would be sent to a small Quaker college.

Already, it seems, he had made up his mind that he wished to do something different.

Very likely this had come about largely through the flying visit of an old friend of his father's.

This man, who was the owner of a mine, had heard that the lad was living in Newberg, and as he was traveling that way, he stopped in the town long enough to make Herbert's acquaintance. During the few talks the two had together the man told the lad much about mining. He explained that the training necessary for a capable mining engineer could be obtained only at a university, because only a little of such training could be gained at a small college.

Herbert listened eagerly. He already loved science and had a strong bent that way, as people say. The stranger's words consequently set him thinking.

"If I am to get a scientific education, I must do so through my own efforts," he decided.

In course of time, the day came when he had formed somewhat of a plan. He said to himself: "I won't stay here because if I do, I will then be forced to attend some small Quaker college. I'll make myself free by going away."

So it came about that young Herbert Hoover left Newberg behind him and started out to earn his living in the city of Portland.

"If possible," he thought, "I will get a job that will bring me enough money to buy food and shelter, and yet leave me a few spare hours each day in which I can attend the High School."

But the youth was disappointed in this. He found that he must be satisfied with being hired by a real-estate dealer at enough salary to pay for his actual needs. And alas! The pay would be less if he had "hours off" for his longed-for high school training. So it must be given up.

He was in no way discouraged, because he was free to do what he wished with his evenings, as well as with occasional periods in the daytime when no work was required of him. So his face must have shone with happiness as he thought, "I am not only independent, but I can keep on by myself with any studies I choose."

Now, back of the real-estate office there was a tiny room used for storage, and after

Herbert had discovered it, he cleaned up a big enough place among the boxes for a bed and a table.

In this little hiding place he settled himself to quiet evenings of study and undisturbed sleep afterwards. What a jolly spot it was in the youth's lively imagination!

Of course, as he was in good health, his stomach was bound to cry out for attention just so often. But it was easily satisfied by a flying visit to some cheap eating place near the office.

Once, it is true, the youth was filled with longing for a "regular" meal. That was when he read a sign in front of an eating place he was passing. The sign told that a course dinner was served there for seventy-five cents.

Seventy-five cents! What a big sum for just one meal! "Why!" the youth considered, "at one feeding I wouldn't have room in my stomach for all the food so much money would buy!"

Satisfied with this reason for not giving up to temptation, he passed on.

Herbert had not lived long in Portland before he heard that a new university would soon

be opened at Palo Alto, California. Its first president was to be David Starr Jordan, a man noted in science.

The young man found further that students of little or no means would be enabled to enter the university, and that every one would be free to a great extent in choosing the studies for which he most cared.

How interested the young office clerk must have been in what he learned about Stanford! How he must have blessed the kind-hearted man and woman who were founding it and were giving their great wealth to its upbuilding in the name of their loved dead son, Leland Stanford, Junior.

“A wonderful opportunity is before me,” thought Herbert Hoover and he decided to make use of it.

There was an *if* in regard to the examinations which must be passed by every one who wished to enter the university. Could the young Quaker in the real-estate office, with the little schooling he had received, take them successfully? That remained to be seen.

Notice was shortly given in the Portland newspapers that a certain Professor Swain of

Stanford would come there to hold examinations.

"I will take them," decided Herbert Hoover.

But he must have felt a little discouraged when he learned that some of the studies were those to which he had never given much attention. In the little back room of the real-estate office he had spent many a happy hour working out problems in mathematics which he loved. As for grammar, for which he had no more liking than most boys, and other studies along the same line,—why should he waste precious moments upon them?

So he had thought before he learned that the knowledge of those very things would be required if the longed-for university were to open its doors to him. Now, too late, so he feared, he waked up to see that he had followed a one-sided training.

Fortune, however, was on his side. It happened in the first place that Professor Swain was a Quaker and ready to take interest in a young man of his own faith who had to earn his living, and at the same time was struggling to gain an education. Moreover, as the pro-

fessor watched the young fellow setting his teeth together while he struggled over the tests, he noted the determined will that shone in his face. Professor Swain, then and there, decided that young Hoover deserved help. Therefore, when the examinations were over and the kind-hearted man found that Herbert had not passed them all, he took pains to learn all he could about him.

He found that his first impressions had not been wrong ones and that the young man was as ambitious and intelligent as he had believed.

"He shall be allowed to enter Leland Stanford University if it be possible," decided this new friend.

"Busy yourself all summer with the studies in which you have failed," he advised young Hoover. "Then about one month before the time for the university to open, go there to get some special help before being reexamined."

With such words as these Professor Swain encouraged the youth and ended by telling him he would no doubt succeed in entering Stanford the following autumn.

Full of courage and hope, Herbert Hoover

followed the advice given him, and a few weeks before college opened, he started for California with the sum of two hundred dollars which he had managed to save with much sacrifice out of his small earnings.

When he arrived at Stanford he found the place of his dreams a lovely one: in the midst of far-spreading green fields nestled beautiful buildings of yellow stone, roofed with red tiles. Lofty hills and mountains closed in around, as if guarding the new home of learning. The dormitories where the students were to live had not yet been finished. So where was the young stranger with his small savings to find a home for the next month?

"You'd better try Adelanta Village," he was told. "Some of the professors who have already arrived are staying over there at present."

To Adelanta Village young Hoover went, therefore, and there he at once found a home and was allowed to work about the place to pay in part the cost of his living. Not a minute did he idle away, because there were the coming examinations for which he must "plug" as hard as possible. He worked faith-

fully and in due time he succeeded in passing every one except English. With the condition that he should "make good" in this course before graduating, he was allowed to enter the university.

He had to support himself, even though his tuition was free. Very soon he found ways of doing this. Having a mind with a strong bent for order, he set up a little business of his own by looking after the students' laundry. He collected it from them, sent it off to be done, and on its return saw that each person received what belonged to him. Later on, he took charge of all arrangements for bringing lecturers and musicians to the university. This, as well as the care of the laundry, brought him small sums of money.

The most valuable work he did, however, gave him not only money, but added knowledge in his most important studies. It came about in this way: Doctor Branner, his professor in geology and a noted man in science, was not long in finding out that Herbert Hoover was a young man of promise. He admired the youth for the same reasons that Professor Swain had admired him: he was

brave, ambitious, and faithful in whatever he undertook.

At first this wise and kind professor gave young Hoover work in his office and laboratory to do out of regular hours. Being satisfied with his performance of these duties, he engaged him the following summer to help prepare a topographical model of the State of Arkansas. Part of this work was done at the professor's home; but the rest of it required that young Hoover go to Arkansas to study the country at first hand.

He spent two other summer vacations in the company of Waldemar Lindgren, a noted mining engineer. Under him young Hoover worked for the United States Geological Survey among the Sierra Mountains in California, gaining knowledge that helped him much in his studies.

Some of the other students became a little envious of the young Quaker. They spoke rather slightly of "Hoover's luck."

One day Doctor Branner heard them talking together in this way. It made him indignant. Turning sharply upon them, he demanded what they meant by using such words.

"He has not had luck," the professor exclaimed. "He has had reward."

Doctor Branner went on to say that if the young men before him worked half as hard and thoughtfully as Herbert Hoover did, they would have half his luck. Instead of this, the professor declared that if he told any one of them to do something for him, he would be obliged to examine their work afterwards to see if they had done it properly. But it was not so with the fellow they considered lucky. Whatever he was asked to do would surely be done, and without questioning.

In conclusion, Doctor Branner said, "If I told him to start for Kamchatka to-morrow to bring me back a walrus tooth, I'd never hear of it again until he came back with the tooth, and then I'd ask him how he had done it."

During his college life the young Quaker was twice severely ill. At one of these times he had typhoid fever which required long and careful nursing. He had little money with which to bear the expenses of the illness, but he had already won the friendship of Doctor Branner, who saw to it that the young man was sent to a hospital and had the best of care so

long as he needed it. Furthermore, the kind-hearted man not only defrayed all the expenses, but told the lad that he was not to worry about paying him back. "It will be time to do this after you have graduated," he assured him.

At another time the student had an attack of measles which brought trouble in its train. The college physician who attended him did not at first recognize the disease, so he did not receive the right treatment. Consequently, the measles left him with such weak eyes that he was obliged to wear glasses for a long time afterwards.

Now, though young Hoover was deeply interested in his college work, he wasn't a "grind" by any means. Nor was he always a model of good behavior, either, so some of his classmates have declared. He was quite equal to taking part at times in some of the mischief college fellows enjoy.

Moreover, from beginning to end of his four years at the university, there was a black mark in the form of a condition in English against his name. He had failed, you remember, to pass the examination in that study away

back in Portland, and again at the university just before he was allowed to enter it as a Freshman. Year after year in college he had tried to get that black mark erased, and each time he failed. The very word, *English*, must have come at last to set his teeth on edge and make his heart sink with dread.

The time for graduation drew near, and still he had not passed in that one study, though in all others he stood well. The professors under whom he had done splendid work in science were troubled, as well as himself.

To make a long story short, the difficulty with English was overcome at almost the last moment, and young Hoover graduated from Stanford University as he richly deserved, in the pioneer class of 1895.

He had at this time two reasons for great happiness. In the first place, his struggle for an education was successfully ended. In the second, he had won the love of Lou Henry, a beautiful, gifted girl in the Freshman class.

What did the future have in store for these two? We will soon see.

“If you wish to succeed in your life work, you should begin at the beginning.” After

this fashion wise Doctor Branner had spoken to the students who had finished the courses in geology which he taught. He went on to say that the way to begin was to take the job of a miner.

Young Hoover believed this to be good advice. And so, when he left Stanford University, he started on his way to success in a certain mine in the Sierra Mountains. There he dug and shoveled out the ore day after day, and week after week, like the common workmen around him. Because he was faithful in whatever he did, he was soon given charge of a gang. After a few months he said to himself: "There is nothing more for me to learn here."

Furthermore, he thought: "I will try to get some sort of work under Mr. Louis Janin, the greatest mining engineer on the Pacific Coast. I can learn a great deal by being with him."

The young man accordingly went to San Francisco and sought out the office of Mr. Janin. The great engineer was interested in his visitor at once. But he shook his head as he looked into the youth's bright, eager eyes.

"There is no place I can offer you among my assistants," he explained. "And there is al-

ready a long list of those who are waiting for such a position as you desire."

Then he went on, no doubt with a smile, to say that another typist was needed in his office, "But of course—"

Before he could finish the sentence, young Hoover broke in. What do you suppose he said? Why, that he would like the job of a typist, and though he couldn't begin the next day, Saturday, he would be on hand to start on his new duties on the following Tuesday.

Knowing as we do that he was a prompt young fellow, once he was determined to undertake anything, why did he not say he would begin at once?

For a very good reason. He didn't know how to run a typewriter. But with his usual determination, before Mr. Janin had finished speaking, he had decided to learn at once. And he would give himself three days to do it! Typing in Mr. Janin's office might lead to something much better, he thought. It did, as you shall see.

Not long after he had started on this new work, he had to copy some papers for Mr. Janin in regard to the settlement of an impor-

tant matter regarding a certain mine. Mr. Janin had been consulted by a great lawyer in the case, because he was an expert in his knowledge of mines.

The young typist quickly became interested in what he was copying because the mine in question lay in the Grass Valley where he had worked in his college days with the mining engineer, Waldemar Lindgren. He knew the nature of that part of the country well. In fact, he had helped make some discoveries in regard to them which had never as yet been published.

As he went on with his copying, he decided that both his employer and the lawyer had reached quite wrong conclusions about the mine in question. Having so decided, he went to Mr. Janin and frankly told him what he believed. Of course, the mining engineer was at first angry at his typist for daring to question his opinions. But he let him explain why he thought as he did; and as he listened, interest took the place of anger. Not only this—he took young Hoover with him to the lawyer's office to talk over the matter with him.

The outcome of it all was that the papers were altered in the way the typist believed necessary, and the youth who had pointed out the mistake gave up typewriting at forty-five dollars a month to be sent to examine mines, not only in California but in other States in the West. He was so careful in all his work, showing such good judgment and unusual understanding, that Mr. Janin saw quickly that he had a helper of great value, deserving a salary beside which a typist's pay was small indeed.

Glorious days those must have been for Herbert Hoover.

It was not long before he was sent to manage the working of a small mine in New Mexico. This was by no means an easy undertaking. There was, in fact, much danger in it because of the wild, lawless Mexicans in the town, who were ready to shoot people for any cause, once they had drunk "fire-water."

Men such as these worked in the mine. But the boyish-looking manager, less than two years out of college, did so well at his new post that he won much praise, and he was soon in-

vited to take another step up the ladder of Fortune.

It happened that gold had lately been discovered in great quantities in Australia, and English mining companies who had big interests in that part of Australia were seeking for good mining engineers to send out there to develop the newly discovered mines.

One of the most important of the firms wrote to Mr. Janin, asking if he could recommend an ably trained man to work for them. The conditions were that he must be unmarried and at least thirty-five years old.

Mr. Janin said to himself: "Herbert Hoover is the very one for the position. And yet he is not nearly old enough to meet the condition as to the age." After some consideration, he decided how that obstacle, age, could be overcome.

Now you shall hear what happened next: he told his assistant of the offer, and in his usual prompt way the youth decided to accept it. A telegram of acceptance was sent to the big English firm. Then the young engineer began to prepare for the long voyage to Lon-

don to meet the members of the firm and talk over the work he was to do in Australia.

In the meantime Mr. Janin was waiting for the right moment to explain that he had kept back something. That moment did not come till just before the youth was to sail.

Then, for the first time, Mr. Janin told him about the condition of age, and that he had telegraphed the mining firm that the man he was sending to them was not quite thirty-three. He did not dare to say that Mr. Hoover was more than that, because he had a very boyish face.

As Mr. Janin finished explaining what he had done, he said, "Don't forget that my reputation depends on your looking thirty-three by the time you get to London."

Of course, young Hoover was a good deal troubled over the matter. But he would not "back out" at the last minute, and he knew that in his mind he was old enough to meet the condition, if he was too young in his body. But he must look older. He saw that clearly. And so, on the long voyage to England, he made his face as old as possible by growing a beard.

Even with this help his future employers looked upon him with some astonishment when he presented himself before them. Why, he didn't appear to be more than twenty-five years old at the most, they told him. What a remarkable country the United States was that it could keep people looking so young.

They must have been pleased with him, however youthful his appearance, because he was entertained in one grand home after another and as much attention paid him as if he were a most important person.

When he had received his instructions regarding his new duties, he bade good-by to England and started for Australia. The long voyage ended at last at Albany, West Australia. There was no quiet harbor there for the ship to enter; and so our traveler reached the mainland by being carried in a basket swinging from a rope cable over the rough waters that dashed against the coast.

Not long afterwards the engineer found himself in Coolgardie, his company's headquarters. Coolgardie was far from beautiful. Forty thousand people were living in homes of corrugated iron, with wide stretches of sand

around them, without shade, with fresh water so scarce that it had to be purchased, and with great heat to be endured day and night.

But little did young Hoover consider the lack of beauty or the discomforts of the place. He was too busy with thoughts of success in his new and responsible position. His duties did not keep him at those uncomfortable headquarters all the time, though it was far better there than out in the gold fields where the burning winds blew hot dust into his nose and ears as he walked along. Moreover, fresh water was still scarcer there than at headquarters.

Young Hoover had many duties to perform in that desert wilderness. First and last, he knew he must keep his head cool and his body in good health. Much depended on these, because despite what he already knew about mining there was a great deal more which he did not know. The conditions here were entirely different from those of gold fields with which he was familiar. The young engineer constantly had to think out ways and means of doing things. And when work was once started, his sense of order had to be in steady

use. He had to decide what next to do on the instant. Delay was not to be thought of.

He succeeded from the very beginning. It was not long before he was able to telegraph his London employers that their mines were beginning to pay. A short time after that he sent them other news that was delightfully astonishing: he had opened up a new and very rich mine. This mine was a long ways from his headquarters, so he quickly decided to live near it where he could watch everything that was going on.

He made his home in a corrugated iron house and he gathered about him the best helpers he could possibly secure. Then all set to work cheerfully, forgetting the heat and the scarcity of water; and every one of the assistants, without doubt, was proud to have such an able person as Herbert Hoover—a man who still looked liked a boy—to direct them.

There were some pleasures even in that Australian desert. In spare hours there were games of tennis, and sometimes there were jolly little feasts which the wife of one of the assistants prepared, serving ducks and chickens which had been brought from far away.

There were two pets which must have given Mr. Hoover a great deal of amusement. One of these was a goat with a stomach made tender from the creature's having once devoured several boxes of matches. The other pet was an emu, a big ostrich-like bird which was quite tame but showed, when roused, a strong temper.

But let us return to the newly discovered mine. Young Hoover's success there, as well as that of his other work, brought him not only a large salary and the highest praise from his employers, but much fame in the mining world. So it came about that after a while he was offered a still higher position than the present one. If he chose, he could go to China to help in managing the mines of that big empire! He was to be called "Director General of Mines," with a salary so large that the very thought of it would have taken away the breath of the young Quaker living in a tiny storeroom in Portland, Oregon. Herbert Hoover accepted the position.

Shortly afterwards he was on his way to London to learn all he could about the state of mining affairs in China and his probable new

duties. From London he sailed for the United States, which he crossed with all speed, arriving in California the first day of February, 1899. From there he was soon to leave for China.

There was a very important thing to be done before he should start on his voyage. Can you guess what that was, remembering that a certain beautiful young girl had stolen his heart in his college days? She had kept it ever since, and her letters had helped her lover keep up his courage in the years of hard work which had followed. Now, at last, he came to claim her as his wife. With her for a companion, there would be no loneliness in distant China, and whatever trials might come would be easy to bear.

The two were married a few days after Mr. Hoover set foot in California. Twenty-four hours afterwards the happy young couple started on their long voyage across the Pacific.

At first Mr. Hoover's work in China seemed easy. But he soon found there were difficulties for a mining engineer in that strange land. To begin with, the Chinese were old-fashioned

in their ways of doing things and afraid of new ways.

Mr. Hoover, however, put heart and will into his task of getting the mines in his charge into good, paying condition. He sent to the United States and Australia for such mining engineers as would be sure to give him the help he needed, and whenever he could he added Chinese assistants also to his staff. As usual, he soon brought order out of disorder, and mines which had before seemed of little value began to yield rich stores. He did such wonders that he seemed almost a magician in the eyes of some of the simple-minded Chinese.

With all Mr. Hoover's hard work, there was a humorous side to his life because of the pompous way in which he, the great Director General of Mines of the Chinese Empire, was obliged to live. He and his young wife, who was as simple in her tastes as he, dwelt in a big house, with at least a dozen servants to wait on them, each one of these servants having some special duty and no other to perform. No doubt Mrs. Hoover felt it a heavy burden in those days merely to give orders to the helpers in her household.

Traveling was also a big undertaking, because when Mr. Hoover found it necessary to visit any mines, his chief steward could not think of the white "chief" and his wife going in any but the grandest fashion. Many servants must accompany them to prepare their meals and make their beds. There must be charcoal stoves on which to do the cooking and all sorts of dishes on which to serve the food. And so, when the Hoovers were ready to start out on a trip, they found they were to be a part—the most important part, of course—of a regular procession of ponies, carts filled with luggage, coolies and sedan chairs.

All went well in China for some time. Then suddenly a storm broke. A great many of the Chinese had formed themselves into what was called the "Boxer Society." They hated foreigners. Their watchword was, "China for the Chinese." At last, stirred to fury against the white men, they started the Boxer Rebellion. Massacre after massacre took place. The days were filled with horror for four terrible weeks.

The city of Tientsin, where the Hoovers were living, was the center of danger. At the

very beginning they had a chance to escape. But neither would think of it.

"I will stand by my helpers, both white and yellow," Mr. Hoover instantly decided.

But his wife? Why should she not have fled? Because, like her husband, she was brave and strong of spirit and devoted to her duty.

"I will remain and help as best I can," she also decided.

Quietly, with determination, the two set to work at once, because there was much to do and every minute was precious.

What should be done first? There was no doubt in Mr. Hoover's mind. With maddened Boxers besieging the city on all sides, the people within must be kept supplied with food or they would starve.

"I will take charge of whatever supplies there are in the stores and warehouses," he said to himself. "Already they are being taken out and scattered."

He had to plan quickly, carefully, and then to act just as quickly and carefully. All day long therefore, under a burning sun, he directed coolies as they carried sacks of rice and

flour, cases of milk and tinned goods to a big warehouse for safe keeping. And as he watched, he covered them with his rifle to protect them from the enemies' bullets which came whizzing past him.

As for his brave young wife, there was no thought of staying within the shelter of her home when her husband was in danger outside. Indeed not! So, also armed with a rifle, she went forth to cheer him by her company.

When the food had been placed in safe keeping, Mr. Hoover at once began the task of rationing it to the people in an orderly way.

Then came for him the responsibility of fortifying the river front from Boxers on the other shore. His own home, too, where many had fled for safety, must be protected.

Accordingly, sacks of rice and sugar were piled up around it to keep off attacks of shot and shell, and everything possible was done to safeguard the inmates till Western troops should arrive to overcome the maddened Boxers. There was a chance that the troops would reach Tientsin too late. Then death would surely come to Mr. Hoover and those devoted to him. But he did not lose heart and

calmly stood ready for whatever was to come. He could not have held out much longer when help finally arrived and the Boxer Rebellion came to an end.

Mr. Hoover's trials were not over, however. The still young mining engineer now had to struggle hard to protect the property in his keeping and the men who worked under him from injury at the hands of the very soldiers who had put down the Boxers. Terrible deeds were done about him daily. Yet he remained wise, cool-headed and hopeful.

For two years longer he remained at his important post, giving splendid service. Then, in 1902, he left China to become a partner in the big English company which had sent him to Australia a few years before.

He now went to London, and there he and his noble wife set up housekeeping in an apartment in a far different and more "homey" way than in China.

One year afterwards their little Herbert, named for his father, was born, and in four more years, another son, Allan, was added to the family.

As the two children became old enough to

romp and enjoy life in boy fashion, their parents decided that an apartment was not big enough. A house must be secured. So they looked around the city and found just what they wished for. It was an old roomy building, called "The Red House."

There was a garden with trees and flowers growing in it, and grass on which the boys could turn somersaults if they liked. There were pigeons and hens there, too! Moreover, there were two beautiful cats of which Mr. Hoover was especially fond, and the dog, Rags, besides still other pets.

Though Mr. Hoover still had heavy cares, he was able to spend many happy hours at "The Red House," chatting with wife and children and friends, playing with the family pets, and reading his loved books. But this last pleasure generally came at night when the rest of the household were asleep.

Mr. Hoover's business kept him in London only a small part of the time. He had an office in New York City, and one in San Francisco, and consequently every year, as a rule, he spent some time in the United States with his family.

He was also often called to other parts of

the world to look after the affairs of his company. He went to Australia, to China, to Africa.

He was now spoken of as a "Master of Mines." Ah, but he was more than that; he was a chief who wisely controlled the thousands of men who worked under his orders, a chief with a great heart and a love of justice. He had showed the first during the Boxer Rebellion in his readiness to sacrifice himself in protecting those who served him. And never did he show the second more plainly than during his life in London. It came about in this way: a man connected with his company lost more than a million dollars in speculating with other people's money.

When Mr. Hoover learned of the loss, he said at once, "It must be made good."

As it happened, the laws were such that the firm could not be held responsible. But this made no difference to Mr. Hoover because he felt it only right that the people whose trust had been betrayed should receive justice. He at once gave up all his own savings. Quite a sum it was, yet far from enough to make the loss good.

After that, he worked with all his might for several years till the time came when he could say, "The immense debt has been paid in full."

Then, free at last, he started upon independent work as a consulting mining engineer.

As his fame for ability in this line had by this time spread throughout the mining world, his help was sought by the biggest and most important firms who gladly paid large sums of money for his efficient help. In course of time he went to Australia, to Russia and Siberia, to Mexico, South Africa and the United States. Some of his undertakings were so enormous that it is enough to take away one's breath to think of them.

For instance, during his stay in Siberia, he had charge of a district of one hundred and seventy-five thousand people. Mind you, he not only planned and directed their work in the mines, but he had all the responsibility of providing them with food and clothing.

And then, for pleasure, what do you suppose he did in spare moments? Why, he worked with his wife on a translation into English of a valuable old Latin book on mining.

Mr. Hoover was in London, getting ready for a trip to the United States with his family when in 1914 the word spread that the German army had invaded Belgium. Other terrible happenings followed one another in quick succession. No one knew what would take place next.

American travelers in Europe were filled with fear. Most of them were sure of one thing: that they would be safe only by returning to the United States as quickly as possible.

How did their panic affect Herbert Hoover? This man of great heart at once decided, "My fellow Americans must be helped," and while others around him were thinking about themselves, he set to work to aid the American Ambassador, Mr. Page, to see that such help was given.

It wasn't an easy matter. Skill was needed; system was needed; money was needed because some of the travelers were poor, and the price of the passage had not yet reached them from their people at home. Almost every one needed advice.

Mr. Hoover proved to be a wise, cool-

headed friend who removed difficulties and sent his countrymen home rejoicing.

A young girl said of him at that trying time, "They say he (Mr. Hoover) is a wonderful engineer, but I don't think he ever carried through any more remarkable engineering feat than that was!"

He shouldered a far greater task soon afterwards when the news came that the people of Belgium were starving. The German troops had taken possession of all of their country except a sandy stretch along the coast. They were shut off from their friends. They had but little farmland, and their stores of food were almost used up.

"The Belgians must be helped," thought Herbert Hoover. "Food must be sent to them, and without delay."

How could it be sent when Belgium's neighbors, England and France, were at war with Germany? They were already having hard work to provide their armies with needed supplies, besides attending to all the other business which war made necessary. Mr. Hoover began at once to plan how poor little Belgium could be saved from starvation.

It was not long before Mr. Page realized how much wisdom Mr. Hoover was showing. He said of him: "If any one can save Belgium, he can. There never was such a genius for organization. He's giving himself now heart and soul to this relief work, and we may be sure, if the thing is humanly possible, that he will find a way."

Herbert Hoover did find a way, as history has shown us. He overcame seemingly impassable obstacles, and food for millions of people in Belgium and in the north of France was sent to them in ships which had to sail over waters where hidden mines and submarines made each moment a dangerous one.

Yes, Belgium was saved. A cry of thanksgiving rose from her people to their savior, Herbert Hoover; and little children, allowed, through his efforts, to live on to enjoy the sunshine and the glad air, blessed him with grateful hearts.

But the cruel war raged on, and America could no longer stand apart and watch. The bravest and best of her young men were trained and hurried over the ocean to help in the fight, that peace might follow. Once in

Europe, they must be fed with care that they might have strength a-plenty to give to the great cause.

Some one was needed to see that the great quantities of food needed should reach them and be distributed properly. There was no question as to the fitness of Herbert Hoover for such a position.

"You should have the title of 'Food Dictator,'" he was told.

But to this he would not agree. He, a dictator, who believed that people had a right, above all things, to be free! It was not to be thought of.

He agreed, however, to become Food Administrator, saying, "I shall tell the American people the facts; they will act upon them. I shall organize their efforts, but the power that will make them successful must come from a free people." Thus it came about that the man who had saved Belgium was now called upon to save the war.

How great was this task it is hard for us to imagine. Not only must vast sums of money be raised to purchase supplies, and the supplies when obtained, sent across the ocean

and distributed. This also must be done: American people must be roused and *kept* roused to save the food in their own homes and gardens in every way possible, that nothing should be wasted.

We all to-day know the word "Hooverize:" to save *gladly* because others would be helped thereby. We know that the name "Hoover" was a watchword during the last years of the war in every American household, reminding us to save every crumb of bread, to deny ourselves dainties, to forget ourselves again and again, in our wish to win the war. And with the tremendous help which the generalship and loving thought of Herbert Hoover accomplished, the war was won.

What was ahead of him now? Would he return to the work which he had given up at the beginning of the war, and which had netted him an immense income? While acting as Food Administrator he had received no salary and paid his own expenses out of money he had saved before the war. Why should he not return to the business of a consulting mining engineer, when its returns in money were so great?

Because of his love and sympathy for unfortunate people, there was only one thing possible for this great-hearted man to do. He must continue to put aside his own interests that he might help others.

Looking out over the face of Europe, he saw suffering in all directions. The war had left millions of people with no place to lay their heads, with no money, no food with which to satisfy their hunger.

Some one was needed to see that relief was given them so that they should not perish. No other person stood ready nor was fitted for the great task. Before long the United States had formed an American Relief Administration with Mr. Hoover as manager, and the suffering children of Poland, Servia and still other countries of Europe were asking God's blessing upon the man who was sending help to them that they might not starve. What trust they and their parents placed in him! He was in their eyes a magician who could make gold flow at sound of his voice and turn that gold into the food needed to keep alive poor, weak bodies that must otherwise perish.

How tenderly Mr. Hoover loved the mil-

lions of little sufferers he saved from death! How many times his kind eyes must have filled with tears at the stories brought him of children with pale, hollow cheeks and sunken eyes from which all brightness had vanished! And what touching appeals he has made to big folks and to little folks who have happy, comfortable homes to give out of their plenty that their brothers and sisters in Europe might be saved!

Stirred by his words and example, rich and poor contributed to the noble cause. Large sums were raised, yet not enough to relieve all the terrible want.

One busy year followed another for Herbert Hoover who, despite all the help he could give, grieved sorely that there were still hundreds of thousands of helpless little children in the world, whose bodies were wasting away, and who had forgotten how to smile.

The year 1921 opened and still the suffering went on. The European Relief Council, which had been organized under Mr. Hoover's direction, decided that the amount of thirty-three million dollars must be raised as quickly as possible. How could people be

roused to raise this immense sum when they had already been so generous?

“Suppose a dinner be given in New York City,” it was suggested. Not an ordinary dinner was this to be. The price of each plate was to be one thousand dollars, and the food spread before the guests was to be exactly what three million five hundred thousand starving children in Europe ate gratefully at the meals which the Relief Council had been able to serve them.

A strange feast it was to the thousand wealthy guests who gathered about Mr. Hoover’s table that day in New York City. Clad in rich garments, they entered an elegant banquet hall which had never before been used for such a purpose as this. Handsome furnishings had been removed. In their places were pine trestles for tables, and camp chairs on which the guests were to seat themselves at the dinner which they quickly discovered was not to be served them on rich silver and beautiful porcelain dishes. Oh, no! Army mess cups contained the cocoa which was the only drink, and tin plates held the rice stew and the bread which must be eaten without

butter. Bread, rice and cocoa—these constituted the feast.

What was in the minds of the luxury-loving Americans who partook of those simple viands? Surely they were now picturing to themselves the starving little ones across the ocean who were in such terrible need.

To make the thought-picture more vivid, an empty chair, with a child's tray fastened to it, stood on the table beside Mr. Hoover. No one present needed to be told that that chair represented the "Invisible Guests" in whose aid the dinner was given. There were few at that table whose eyes remained dry when Mr. Hoover pleaded with them in the name of the cause he worked for.

"The fund which the Relief Council asks for is not larger than the cost of one battleship," he told his hearers.

Then he went on to refer to the luxuries which American people enjoy. "You are able to help save the lives of the starving children of Europe," he reminded them earnestly. "Surely you will do so."

The story of the feast with its "Invisible Guests" spread through the country and the



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SECRETARY OF COMMERCE HOOVER "LISTENING IN" ON HIS RADIO SET IN HIS OFFICE  
AT THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE



people everywhere were roused to give fresh help. Many an American boy and girl, hearing of the feast in New York, gladly made sacrifices that the lives of boys and girls in Europe should be saved. Mr. Hoover had not spoken in vain.

Great Heart, as this splendid man has been lovingly called, has received honorary degrees from many colleges. He has long been a trustee of his loved Stanford University. He has recently been made a member of President Harding's Cabinet. In this new office he speedily busied himself in trying to improve the conditions of working people in this country and in making plans for sending aid to starving Russia.

Herbert Hoover is looked upon to-day by the whole world as a *real* American, because of his deep love for freedom and justice, his tenderness for the suffering, and his devotion to his country. But surely no title could be dearer to him than that by which he is sometimes called,—The Friend of Helpless Children.

## LEONARD WOOD

### *The Devoted Patriot*

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt was a tiny two-year-old in his New York home, a baby boy was born in Winchester, New Hampshire, who was to become his devoted friend in after years.

The exact date of this baby's birth was October 9, 1860, and the name given him was Leonard. His body, unlike that of the little Theodore, was strong and active, and he knew little about long days and nights of illness. When he was only a few months old, his parents moved with him to a new home in Massachusetts, where his father, Doctor Charles Wood, continued his work among the sick.

Soon afterwards the Civil War broke out, and the country needed as many men as possible to fight for her safety.

Now, Doctor Wood came of an old New England family filled with a strong love for

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its native land. He could think with pride of the time when the *Mayflower* came sailing into Plymouth Harbor, because it brought his ancestors, the parents of Peregrine White. How much they must have borne of danger and privation for the sake of their home in this new country! How many hardships must have befallen the little Peregrine, the first white child born in the colony!

With such things to remember it is not strange that Doctor Wood promptly answered the call for volunteers and enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment to serve in the Civil War. Bidding his wife and little son good-by, he went bravely into the fight, not to return to a peaceful life till he was sent home an invalid, a little while before the war ended.

Three years afterwards the boy Leonard moved again with his parents to Pocasset, a town on Cape Cod where ocean breakers were constantly beating against the shore.

The boy enjoyed his new life. He had always loved the big outdoors; and now, for hours at a time, he was free to tramp over the hills and marshes and to sail on the waters so close at hand.

Though the water was cold in those parts he soon became an expert swimmer. He also learned easily to manage a boat; and so, with the pleasures he could have that were free, he had no need to envy those boys whose parents had more money to spend than his own.

With other lads of Pocasset he went to the village school where he soon showed a love of history. But he did not like mathematics. Figures were hateful things to him in those days, and the sooner an arithmetic lesson was over, the better. When a book of travels or adventure, however, was in his hands he quickly forgot himself in the happenings of the people about whom he was reading.

When he had mastered the studies of the village school, he went to the academy at Middleboro, not many miles from his home. There he had many a good time with his mates who thought him shy and not very talkative. But they enjoyed his company because he entered heartily into their sports. Perhaps it was a game of football. Or perhaps it was a cross-country race. In either case, young Leonard Wood put his whole heart into what he was doing.

His studies at the academy did not interest him deeply, though he kept up with his class. Altogether, he did nothing astonishing in those days — nothing whatever to make people around him say: "That lad is a wonder. He'll be sure to make a name for himself some day."

He seemed like most healthy, care-free boys. He learned his lessons and did what his parents bade him, but he enjoyed himself most when engaged in lively outdoor sports with his playfellows.

He had certain dreams in those days. One of these was of joining the navy and sailing around the world. But he soon decided that it would not be wise for him to enter the navy; this country was at peace with other lands and consequently few things were happening in the navy.

"No," he must have said to himself, "there would be little chance for me to get ahead in the navy."

Already he had discovered that since his father's income was small, he must make his own way in the world, and it was sensible for him to choose something for his life work that

would enable him to rise above his present condition.

He was nearly "swept off his feet" about that time with the longing to join an expedition bound for the frigid waters of the Arctic. He even went so far as to buy what equipment he would need for such a voyage.

But his father spoke very decidedly against his going. He pointed out how many good chances his young son had to succeed right here in his own country. Then he referred to his own profession.

"I would like well for you to follow in my steps," he told Leonard, "and become a physician."

So it came about that young Leonard Wood, twenty years old, entered the Medical School of Harvard University.

He was kept pretty busy there not only with his studies, but earning enough money to pay his expenses. Fortunately, he had won a scholarship, and that helped in part. But to eke out the rest of the money needed he tutored backward students and did other jobs that came in his way. There was little time, there-

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fore, for football, which he loved best of all sports, or for any other fun.

Four years after he entered Harvard he graduated and began at once to practice surgery in the City Hospital at Boston. He also hung up his sign as a physician over a little office in the city slums where he had plenty of patients, though most of them were too poor to pay for his services.

"He's a regular hog for work," one of his friends said of him at the time.

This was quite true. People who watched him spoke again and again of the steady, untiring way in which this shy youth of few words was tending the sick and suffering who came under his care.

But the young surgeon had no intention of settling in Boston. Long before, he had said to himself something like this: "I want to serve my country. I also want to see other parts of the United States than my New England home."

When, therefore, he gave up hope of entering the navy, he decided to join the army as soon as a good chance presented itself. That chance came after he had practiced in Boston

one year, managing barely to support himself during that time. Examinations for army surgeons were to be given in New York City.

"I will take them," decided the young man.

He did take them, and so successfully that he stood second among the fifty-nine in the class. He was surprised and delighted that he had passed so well. But the important question arose at once in his mind, "Where shall I be sent?"

There was no position as surgeon waiting to be filled in the army. But there were outbreaks among the Indians down in the Southwest, and young Doctor Wood did not have to wait long before he was offered a post there.

"Will you enter the United States service as a contract surgeon?" he was asked.

"Yes, if I can go West and see active service," he answered.

"You will certainly see as much of it as you wish," was the prompt reply.

Soon afterwards—it was in the summer of 1885—young Wood was sent down to Arizona to be under the command of Captain Henry Lawton. The captain was already famous as an Indian fighter and was shortly to wage war

upon the fierce chief, Geronimo, who had been raiding the homes of white settlers and killing whole families.

On the Fourth of July the young doctor reached the barracks where Captain Lawton was quartered. It was a broiling hot day, yet the heat did not prevent the soldiers and the settlers thereabouts from celebrating the holiday in noisy, frontier fashion. There was much firing of gunpowder and drinking of strong liquor. The air was full of excitement.

When Leonard Wood, fresh from the quiet, orderly life of Boston, made his way into the wild scene and stood before Captain Lawton, the latter looked him over doubtfully.

“Can this shy, trim-looking young fellow be of any possible use chasing Indians?” he must have wondered.

Then he spoke. “What in hell are you doing here?” he asked.

“I want to get into line as soon as possible,” was the prompt answer.

The captain at once changed his mind about his visitor.

“Come along,” he said, “and I’ll see what I can do to help you.”

With these words he shook the young surgeon's hand heartily and slapped his back in the spirit of good fellowship.

The very next morning Leonard Wood was ordered out with the troops which were to hunt down Geronimo and his band.

"You draw a special horse," said an old sergeant, as the only animal which had not already been assigned fell to the newcomer's share.

A "special horse" indeed it was quickly found to be by the new trooper who had ridden horseback only a few times before in his life. To begin with, the creature was not fully broken. Moreover, it had a vicious temper.

"That tenderfoot will never be able to keep his seat in the world," thought the rest of the troop. "He'll be thrown sooner or later."

They did not reckon on Leonard Wood's disposition. It had always been his habit to finish anything he began to do. So now, when he started out to ride that ill-tempered horse, he set his teeth to do it. The very first day of the expedition he rode the animal thirty-five miles. Not a single fall did he have, either!

For the next five days he rode or marched

eighteen hours out of twenty-four on an average, traveling over the roughest sort of country and with a scorching sun overhead most of the time. He was sore and burned and lamed by the unusual exercise. Often he was parched with thirst. But he never complained and always had a smile for his comrades.

In a few weeks he had toughened himself so that he could ride and march farther than any of the other troopers who were old, experienced hunters. They soon had great admiration for the "tenderfoot" who had joined them, and who showed himself untiring in the chase after the "human tigers," as Geronimo and his cruel band were called.

Three months after his arrival Captain Lawton put so much trust in him that he was made a lieutenant and given the command of a picked force of men whose previous commanders had broken down under the hard life.

For fourteen months the hunt after Geronimo and his band was continued. All that time the way led through wild mountains and desert country where in some places even the pack mules could not go. There were days and nights when the soldiers lived as roughly

as red men, because their provisions had to be left behind. Often they went without water for twenty-four hours.

Once Lieutenant Wood marched and rode for a straight thirty-six hours, traveling one hundred and thirty-six miles before stopping to rest. At another time he marched twenty-five miles, to take to his horse immediately afterwards—it was then nightfall—to ride in the darkness seventy miles without stopping. There must be no thought of weariness at this time either, because he was carrying important dispatches which should be delivered as soon as possible.

For three long months the young lieutenant showed himself so determined and untiring that he astonished even the toughened Indian scouts who were with him. They discovered, to their surprise, that a white man fresh from civilized life could endure as much as they who had been trained to bear hardships from their babyhood.

At last the savages in the Southwest were overcome, and young Wood himself made the cruel Geronimo captive and brought him to headquarters for judgment.

In the Indian campaign now over, he had served his country bravely and wisely, both as an officer commanding his men and as a surgeon tending them when ill or wounded. Twelve years afterwards the United States Government rewarded him by bestowing upon him the most valuable decoration a warrior could receive at its hands. It was the Congressional Medal of Honor.

After Geronimo had been brought to terms there was still work for Lieutenant Wood in searching for some Apaches who had escaped from his band. Leading a party of trained Indian hunters, he spent five months in scouring the wild, rough country. Altogether he traveled more than two thousand miles before his search was rewarded.

What had his hard, dangerous life done for him? It had made his body as strong as iron. It had strengthened his nerves. It had increased the power of his will.

As there was no more fighting to do now, he probably wondered what his next duty would be.

“There may be other struggles with the Indians at some future time,” considered Gen-

eral Miles, who was in command of the army in the Southwest. "So it will be wise to know the country as well as possible."

General Miles had already used with success a certain system of signaling. The signals had been given by means of sunlight flashing upon mirrors.

"I will perfect this system," said the general, "in getting a thorough acquaintance with the Southwest and particularly with Arizona."

He had already been pleased with Doctor Wood's good work and his interest in his system of giving signals. So he chose him to help in making a careful survey of Arizona.

Several months were spent in this work, after which the young lieutenant was sent out to California to be a staff surgeon at the army headquarters in Los Angeles.

It was a pleasant post. He had spare time in which to study the science of warfare, in which he was much interested. He also played football a good deal; and this, you may remember, was his favorite game.

During his stay in Los Angeles he had a chance to help his good friend, General Miles.

The general had been thrown from his horse and his leg broken and crushed in the fall. The first surgeons who were called to him said decidedly, "The leg must be cut off."

If this had been done the general would never again have been fit for active service. But he was not willing to abide by the decision of those who examined him. So, knowing that young Wood was considered an excellent surgeon, he sent for him, to learn whether he had a different opinion from those who had already seen the injured leg.

"I'm going to leave it to you," he said. "You'll have to save it."

When Doctor Wood had examined the leg carefully he said, "It is not necessary, in my opinion, to amputate it."

Great must have been the general's relief at hearing such words. He at once declared that Wood should have the whole care of the leg; and so skilfully did the young surgeon tend him, setting the bones and bringing the torn and twisted ligaments into place, that his patient was in due time able to walk as well as ever before.

Lieutenant Wood served at different posts

in California till he was sent to Fort McPherson in Georgia in 1892. He now had a wife to bear him company, because he had married some time before a charming girl whom he loved deeply. She enjoyed outdoor sports as well as he did and, like him, cared little for grand houses and furniture. It was fortunate for the young army surgeon that he had chosen for his helpmate one who liked simple ways of living best.

At Fort McPherson he still had plenty of time for outdoor exercise and soon won fame through the country around as a football player.

One day, so it happened, he met with an accident in the ball field; a deep cut was made over one of his eyes, and the blood flowed freely. Do you imagine that he stopped playing because of his injury? Indeed not! Hastily dressing the wound, he went on with the game to the very end. Then he went to his office, where he cleansed the wound, after which he stood in front of his mirror and took four stitches in the torn flesh with his own hand.

Though the young surgeon enjoyed his

life at Fort McPherson, he was not satisfied with it. He had too much ambition for that.

"There is no big step in advancement ahead of me at this rate," he thought. "There is no chance to distinguish myself, nor can I save up much money for my family."

About this time he received orders to go to Washington. He was to become physician of the Secretary of War and of the leading army officers there. He might also at any time be called to give advice to the President if he were ill. It was an easy, pleasant position to fill, but Captain Wood took it without particular delight because he could see no way to advancement there.

"If no better office falls to me before many years," he said to himself, "I'll resign from the army and take up ranch life in the West."

There, he felt sure, he could live in the outdoors as his own master, and possibly make a fortune besides. But when he had been for a while in Washington he bade good-by to his dreams of leaving the army. This was after he became acquainted with

Theodore Roosevelt who was Assistant Secretary of the Navy at that time.

The two men, Roosevelt and Wood, first met at a social gathering. Soon after they began to talk together they found they had many common interests. They had both graduated from Harvard. They both loved outdoor games and sports. They were both fond of the rough wild life of the West. They both believed in justice for all people. When the evening came to an end they walked home together, each feeling sure he had found a friend.

After that they met often. They fenced and boxed and wrestled with each other. They played football and took long hikes together. They skied in winter down the hilly slopes of the country around Washington. With their young sons they had exciting mock Indian fights, with great fun for them all.

And then how they talked! Indeed, yes! They told each other stories of their past lives, Roosevelt describing his adventures among the Indians and cowboys of Dakota, and Wood telling of long hunts after fierce red men in the Southwest. But there were other

exciting things for the two men to discuss besides what had happened to themselves. For example, reports were coming to Washington of what was taking place among the Klondike miners in Alaska. Great fortunes were being made there among the gold diggers, but there was also great suffering in that cold, wild country. Physicians were needed when the miners fell ill. They were also in need of food and clothing.

"Let us go to the Klondike on a relief expedition," Captain Wood proposed to Mr. Roosevelt.

But his companion said, "No." He pointed out that they both could be of great help where they were before long. He felt very sure that the United States would soon take up the cause of the Cubans. The Spaniards ruled them cruelly, and they were not strong enough to free themselves. They needed our assistance.

So spoke Theodore Roosevelt; and his friend, feeling that he was right, gave up his plan of going to the Klondike. He saw that if the United States made war upon Spain she must have trained soldiers. So he decided to remain in the army that he might give his help

when the time should come. When it arrived at last, it found him ready with a plan for raising a regiment of volunteers.

Theodore Roosevelt also was ready for active service. But when Mr. Alger, the Secretary of War, offered to make Mr. Roosevelt the colonel of a regiment of cavalry, he refused. He felt that he did not have enough experience for such a position.

"I will accept the post of lieutenant colonel, however, if you will make Leonard Wood the colonel," he told Mr. Alger. The Secretary of War agreed to this proposal at once. Doctor Wood had been his family physician and as such had served him faithfully. He trusted and admired him deeply as a man of fine character. He also knew how well he had fought in the war upon the Apaches. He felt sure that he was a good man to command a regiment of volunteers.

When Leonard Wood had received his commission, he lost no time in going to Secretary Alger and asking him if he might go ahead with all preparations for raising and fitting out a regiment.

The secretary, knowing full well that there

was much confusion in Washington over organizing and training an army, must have felt relieved that here was one man who knew what he was about and would not make mistakes.

"Go right ahead and don't let me hear a word from you until your regiment is raised," he told the new colonel.

In great delight Colonel Wood, with Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt to help him, set to work near the end of April. You know already what kind of men formed that regiment which soon came to be called the "Rough Riders." Star football players, college youths, and the sons of wealthy New York business men were banded together with cowboys, Texas ranchmen and Indians. They were full of spirit and joyful to be under the command of Wood and Roosevelt; but at the time they began their training they knew nothing of military behavior.

So, without meaning to be disrespectful, they were often "fresh," as boys would say, in their way of speaking to their officers.

The army cook, for instance, came one day to Colonel Wood's tent where three majors

happened to be with him, and burst out, "If you fellers don't come soon, everything will get cold."

At another time one of the volunteers called on Colonel Wood one evening and said to him: "Well, Colonel, I want to shake hands with you and say we're with you. We didn't know how we would like you fellers at first; but you're all right, and you know your business, and you mean business, and you can count on us every time."

By these stories you can judge how untrained in war these "Rough Riders" were and can understand better what a big work Colonel Wood accomplished in getting them into shape for fighting in the short time he had for doing it.

It was exactly thirty-three days after he had begun to recruit the thousand men in his regiment that the Rough Riders had been gathered together, fitted out with arms and uniforms, and trained for war.

They landed on the Island of Cuba on June 22, and two days afterwards took part in the battle of La Guasimas, fighting so nobly that they won lasting fame. Some of them, at the

opening of the fight, got excited at being under fire for the first time, and began to curse.

But Colonel Wood, close at hand and cool-headed, cried out, "Don't swear—shoot!" At that they too became cool; and, laughing, fought with all their might.

"Wood is a great young man," wrote Richard Harding Davis, the war correspondent, two days afterwards. "He has only one idea, or rather all his ideas run in one direction—his regiment. He eats and talks nothing else. He never sleeps more than four hours, and all the rest of the time he is moving about among the tents."

The siege of Santiago followed close upon the battle of La Guasimas, and Colonel Wood was given charge of the brigade that stormed the city.

So well did he do his duty that when the American troops had taken the city, General Wheeler said of him: "He showed energy, courage and good judgment. He deserved the highest commendation."

Because of this high praise, the young officer was at once made a brigadier-general and

when Santiago fell into American hands, he was made the military commander of the city. New and difficult work was ahead of him.

It is hard for us to imagine how much there was for him to do. The Spaniards who had ruled Santiago had taxed the people heavily, but had taken the money they received for their own use instead of spending it for the city's good. Think of it! There were no drains except the street gutters. Buildings were tumbling down for want of repair. Children were without schools. The streets were not cleaned. Smallpox and deadly fevers were allowed to rage and there were no hospitals for the sick. Dead animals and sometimes dead human beings lay unburied in public places.

Into this wretched city Leonard Wood was sent to bring order and cleanliness.

“What shall I do first?” he must have asked himself.

The answer came instantly: the dead must be buried; the streets must be cleaned; the people, many of whom were starving, must be fed.

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"Horrible, deadly work it was," he afterwards said.

Night and day he kept men busy removing the filth from the streets. He saw that the bodies of people and animals which were still unburied were carried outside the city and burned. Food was sent to hospitals and prisons and all other places where starving men, women and children were gathered; medicines were taken to the many who lay ill with fever. A hospital was set up on an island in the harbor for patients ill with yellow fever.

As you can easily see, there was scant time for the new commander of Santiago to take rest. But he did not wish to rest. His mind was too busy planning, directing, working with might and main to bring health and comfort and order to the place given into his charge. And before he finished his tremendous task, hospitals had been built; roads had been improved; drains had been dug; the city streets had been made clean; and illness had been largely done away with.

Doesn't it almost take away your breath to think what that quiet, wise man accomplished in a few months? With it all, he won the love

of the people. Though he could speak little of their language when he first came among them, they quickly learned to trust him as their friend.

The American Government was so pleased with Wood's work that the very next year he was made Governor General of the Island of Cuba and raised in the army to the post of Major General of United States Volunteers. In the meantime he had become a world hero.

Though he had succeeded so wonderfully in Santiago, would he succeed as well in a still greater undertaking? He knew well that the whole island of Cuba was like a house which has fallen to pieces and has to be built up from the very foundation. Its money had been used by Spanish rulers. Its children had no free schoolhouses to attend. Fever stalked through the land. It was without orderly government. Yet Wood set bravely to work to overcome all difficulties.

Let us see what he accomplished. He changed many bad laws made by the Spaniards. He set up free schools throughout the land. He fought against the spread of the deadly yellow fever, which with his help was

conquered in due time. He built hospitals. He saw that prisoners received decent treatment.

In all these things and many others he wisely let the Cubans themselves help him as much as possible. He even sent young Cuban girls to the United States to be trained to teach, instead of bringing American teachers into the country. He wished to have the people feel in every way that he was getting them ready to rule themselves as soon as they should be able.

In all ways, he strove for the good of others and not for himself. Once, indeed, a firm of American business men offered him a salary of forty thousand dollars a year to give up his post in Cuba and work for them. He was told that he would have short hours and an easy position.

What a tempting proposal to any one laboring from twelve to twenty-four hours a day, in the midst of great difficulties, and on a salary of little more than a third of that offered!

But Leonard Wood's heart was with his country. To help her,—that had become his

chief happiness. Money and ease counted little beside the chance to work for those the United States had taken under her care.

So the offer was refused and he stayed on in Cuba till his task was finished and the people there were able to rule themselves. And when he left Cuba a republic, he was followed by the good wishes of her grateful citizens.

During his life in Cuba he suffered at times from malarial fever, due to the hot, moist climate. He was also crippled by a fall from his horse and because of this he has ever since been a little lame.

Soon after his return to the United States our Government sent him to Germany to study the military methods of that country. During his stay there he met many of the leading officers and statesmen of Europe, and he was entertained with honor by the German Emperor.

But all the time his main thought was, "What can I learn of military training from the most powerful army of the world?"

He came away with the strong belief that the United States should be prepared for war as Germany was. Then, if war came, there

would be little to fear. Some time after his return home he had a long talk with his old friend, Theodore Roosevelt, who had become the President of the United States.

In his talk the President spoke of the troubles which William Howard Taft, the Governor General of the Philippine Islands, was having with some of the fierce tribes there. The most savage of these were the Moros, many of whom were lawless robbers on the land and pirates in the waters along the shores. Because of their cruel treatment of their enemies they were called head-hunters.

“Some one,” President Roosevelt said to his friend, “should be sent to the Philippines to change the Moros into a peaceful people.”

General Wood answered at once, “Why not send me?”

The idea pleased the President. He felt at once that the man who had done so much for the good of the Cubans could succeed with the Moros, though his task would be even harder than in Cuba.

In this way it came about that Leonard Wood started on a long voyage to the Philippine Island of Mindanao a short time after-

wards. He stopped in various places on the way—in Egypt, India and Ceylon—to learn how the strange peoples there were kept in order. Then he went on to take up the undertaking ahead of him.

Oh, but it was a big one, bigger than he had dreamed! From the very beginning trials and dangers surrounded him. First of all the American army officers already on the island were jealous of him. They thought, "Wood has been sent out here to command us simply because he is a favorite of President Roosevelt."

They soon discovered, however, that this quiet man with weather-beaten face always did just the right thing. They also found that he was kind and just, that he would accept no comforts which he could not share with his men, and that every faithful act of theirs was bound to be rewarded by him. As for fighting, when that was necessary, he never held back for his own safety. Where danger was, there he was too. It was not long, therefore, before the soldiers under his command became his devoted friends, loving him so deeply that they would have given their lives for him.

But the wild, fierce Moros? How were they to be changed? This was a tremendous problem, but Wood solved it as he had solved other problems before. The most important thing, he quickly saw, was to make friends of the native chiefs who were busy warring upon each other.

He, therefore, traveled about among them, showing that he wished to aid them, and whenever he could, he gave them important posts. On the other hand, he made them understand that they must aid him by keeping order among their followers and giving up their attacks on other districts.

Next he made and enforced laws for the good of the people. Sometimes he was obliged to lead his soldiers against cruel, wicked chiefs who would not listen to reason and kind words. At such times he was in the midst of danger because he never held back from the thick of the fight.

The need of this fighting soon came to an end. He could now put all his energies into doing away with head-hunting, making slaves of men and women and little children, and other cruel customs of the Moros and the

people on small neighboring islands. He opened schools where their children could be taught so they might grow up into kind, wise men and women. He set up stations where the natives could buy food at proper prices and not be imposed upon by profiteers. He sent patrol boats along the coast to prevent the work of pirates. He even induced whole families who had lived wild, lawless lives to settle in little homes and raise cocoa, cocoanuts and hemp in the land around them.

Wonderful things he accomplished in less than three years, in spite of the greatest difficulties. Then, when order was at last established on the Island of Mindanao, the American Government made him commander of all our Philippine troops, and he set to work at once to make strong the defences of the country and to train his army.

At last, in the year 1908, General Wood's great work in the Philippines was finished, and he left the Far East. He must have been very happy because he had won the love, not only of his soldiers, but of the Filipinos themselves.

On his way home to the United States he

stopped in different countries to study the training of armies. Soon after he arrived here he was made commander of the troops making up the Department of the East. His headquarters were on Governor's Island in New York Harbor.

Two years afterwards the Argentine Republic in South America held a centennial celebration.

"No more fitting ambassador could be sent there to represent us than Brigadier General Wood," decided the United States Government.

Accordingly, General Wood left this country once more on his mission to Argentine. There he talked about the ways of war with distinguished generals who had come from other parts of the world to take part in the celebration.

All the time he was busily thinking. And this was his principal thought: "The United States is not prepared for war. It should be prepared even if it never has to fight."

In another two years—it was in 1910—he was made Chief-of-Staff of the United States

Army, and the City of Washington became his headquarters.

Four years passed away. During that time the general worked as hard as he could for the safety of his country. He was still thinking, "We should be prepared for war if it is thrust upon us." Among other things he demanded airplanes for the army.

"If war should come," he tried to show our government, "airplanes would be of the greatest help." But Congress did not heed his demand.

A new President, Woodrow Wilson, came into office and General Wood lost his position as Chief-of-Staff and was sent back to Governor's Island to take command again of the Department of the East. There, as before, he worked with zeal for what he believed with all his heart was right—Preparedness.

In 1914 the Great War broke out in Europe with such suddenness that people gasped.

In those first exciting days President Wilson said, "We must remain neutral, even in thought."

Did Wood obey this direction? No, he simply *could* not. Instead, he busied himself

with a training school for officers on Lake Champlain. He also stirred thoughtful men all over the country to form student training camps. He worked, oh, how hard he worked, to rouse people everywhere to the crying need for preparedness.

Why did he do this? Because he felt sure that America would be drawn into the war. He said to himself and to others, "She can not stay out." And as he loved his country with all his heart he felt that she must be ready, when the time came, to do her part and do it nobly.

At last, in April, 1917, the United States entered the war. Then, in the exciting days of getting an army together, it was plain to every one what a great work General Wood had done in interesting the people of his country in the "Plattsburg Idea." What kind of an army would we have had to send to Europe if officers had not been trained to command the raw recruits? One of little value indeed, able to give small help to the weary, well-nigh discouraged Allies.

Having done such important service for his country and the world, General Wood asked

that he might be given a military position across the ocean, now that the United States had entered the war. He received no reply from Washington whatever.

Furthermore, instead of having his wish granted, he was offered one of three comparatively unimportant posts in this country. He chose the one at Charleston, South Carolina, where he was soon busy setting up training camps in the Southeast. Then, when August came, he was sent to Camp Funston, in Kansas, to train a division of troops there. Later on he was ordered to Europe,—but not to take any command there. He was merely to go as an observer of war operations.

There, as it happened, he nearly met his death. He was standing one day with some French officers behind a gun crew about to fire a mortar. Suddenly the shell inside the gun burst, blowing up the whole crew and killing four officers on either side of General Wood. He alone of all the men near the mortar was not killed, though six pieces of shell entered his clothes, and his left arm was badly wounded.

After a short stay in a French hospital he

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came back to the United States, well and strong as ever, to command once more the 89th Division in training at Camp Funston.

The time came when the division was ready to go overseas, and General Wood had high hopes that now at last, as their commander, he would be ordered to Europe.

Alas! When he reached New York with them and the day for sailing was at hand, he had a bitter disappointment: he received an order from Washington to cross the continent to take command of the Western Division at San Francisco. He must, therefore, part from his troops! With a voice which he could not quite keep from trembling he spoke to his men when he had reviewed them for the last time.

“I will not say good-by,” he told them, “but consider it a temporary situation—at least I hope so. I worked hard for you and you have done excellent work. I had hoped to take you over to the other side. The orders have been changed and I am to go back to Funston. I leave for there to-morrow morning. I wish you the best of luck and I ask you to keep the high standard of conduct you have had in the past. There isn’t anything to be said. The

order stands, and the only thing to do is to do the best we can—all of us—to win the war. That's what we're here for, that's what we've been trained for. Good luck and God bless you."

After General Wood had finished speaking, he shook the hand of each soldier of the division.

When the news spread through the country that this man, who at the beginning of the war was the officer of the highest rank in the United States, was being treated in what seemed such an undeserved way, there was a great outcry.

The result was that the order sending Wood to California was changed; he was directed to go back to Camp Funston and remain there to train another division.

Here ends the story of Leonard Wood's part in the Great War. Why was it not a more distinguished one? Why was he held back from active work in Europe? We cannot say. We know this, however: He was a brave and tried soldier, rich in experience, wise in great measure, and devoted to his duty. We know also that the British and French Premiers



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GENERAL WOOD VISITS PRESIDENT HARDING AT THE  
WHITE HOUSE



wished for his help across the ocean, and that the spirit of the American people echoed that wish. But, since he was not permitted to go, he continued without complaint to do whatever duties fell to him on this side of the ocean till the War ended.

Then, when the armistice had been signed, he found new work to do. Our soldiers, returning home, needed help in finding ways of supporting themselves. So, like the kindest of fathers, he strove to aid them in every way he could.

Busy months followed till in 1920 the time came to choose a new President of the United States. Tens of thousands of people now thought, "No better man could hold that high office than Leonard Wood."

In the end, however, the choice did not fall to him, but to Warren G. Harding, who, after he became President, rewarded General Wood's years of noble service by making him Governor General of the Philippines.

Leonard Wood has a deep place in the hearts of his countrymen. They feel that this brave, untiring general who has conducted himself so nobly wherever he has been placed,

whether in fighting Indians, in bringing health and order and decent living to Cuba and the Philippines, or in training soldiers to help in ending the Great War, has ever shown himself a *real American*.

## JOHN BURROUGHS

### *Nature's Lover*

Are you not fond of the birds? And do you not have fresh happiness each springtime when the merry little songsters are at hand to remind you that "The world's bubbling over with joy?"

No doubt you have heard somewhat of "John o' birds," as that big-hearted man, John Burroughs, has often been called because of his friendship for the feathered folk. The fact is, he was not only the friend and lover of birds but of all other beautiful things in the world, —trees and flowers; brooks cheerily flowing over stony beds; moss-decked rocks jutting out of the hillsides; bees sucking honey in opening blossoms; frogs piping hoarsely along the water's edge. With all these "John o' birds" felt equally at home. Why, he was scarcely more than a baby when he began to

read the story of love and beauty written all about him over the earth,—better still, to feel himself a part of that story.

It was the good fortune of John Burroughs to grow up on a farm in the village of Roxbury which lies among the Catskill Mountains in the State of New York. His father's fields stretched low down on a slope of the mountain, Old Clump, and close at hand was the Pepacton River, with pretty little trout streams flowing into it. There were horses and cows, sheep and pigs and chickens on the farm, and there were woods where little John often played with his brothers when he was old enough to go there with them.

When he was born—it was on the third of April, 1837—there were already four boys and two girls in the family to welcome him, so you may well believe the household was a lively one.

The gentle Mrs. Burroughs was a very busy woman. Besides her other work, she made butter,—more than two tons of it during the year! Moreover, she spun the wool sheared from the sheep, and carded flax raised in her husband's fields, and afterwards wove

cloth from it and made it into garments for her big family.

Among the first sights John's bright eyes looked upon were his mother's spinning wheel and the distaff on which she carded wool. But more interesting than these, no doubt, was the big churn when cream had been poured inside, and a patient dog or sheep set to the task of turning the cream into golden butter.

While the little fellow was still too small to share in the outdoor work he learned to be useful to his mother in many ways. He helped her make soap. He dipped candles and separated the curds from the whey. At first he was very fond of the curds. But one day he ate of them so heartily that he lost his taste for them ever afterwards.

He was about four years old when a most exciting day came in his life,—he went to school for the first time. As he trudged along to the schoolhouse he must have felt quite proud of his new suit of clothes of his mother's making. It was of striped homespun, and it had epaulets on the shoulders that flapped as the wind struck them. His feet were bare, like those of his brothers and sisters, because

shoes were not worn by any of the children except in the coldest winter weather.

The district schoolhouse came in sight at last, and when John had once entered the little building, which seemed a wonderful one to him, he was quickly set to work to learn the alphabet.

During the next few days he was called up, again and again, before his teacher to point out the names of queer signs standing in a column of the spelling book. As they had no meaning for him, it was some time before he made no mistakes in telling c from e, and m from n. At last, however, the tiresome alphabet was mastered, and after that John learned to read rapidly. Indeed, he got his lessons so easily that he was not long in surpassing children much older than himself.

He wasn't a "goody goody" boy, because he sometimes broke the rules. It must be confessed that, as he sat figuring out "sums" or poring over a map of the world, he would now and then take a stolen bite from a juicy apple which had been hidden in his pocket to be eaten in school.

Worse still, he was actually known to play

truant, though he enjoyed his school immensely. But then, the temptation was very great at such times. Almost any other boy who loved to fish in near-by mountain brooks as well as he did would also have been tempted to forget lessons when the summer sun was shining brightly, and pictures of fishlines and bait and silvery trout persisted in dancing about his mind.

Though John was generally a happy little fellow, he did not enjoy all the tasks set for him. For instance, there was hoeing potatoes. Tiresome, uninteresting work it seemed to him, and yet his brothers did not mind it. They and their sisters were exactly the kind of children one would expect to be born and brought up on a farm. They took it as a matter of course to do the things their parents did. They did not dream dreams as John did. Neither did they seem to enjoy the beauty of a blue heron flying overhead, or wonder at the passage of an eagle high up towards the sky as he did. Nor did the roses and other wild flowers blossoming in the fields around the farmhouse seem such

marvels of beauty to them as they did to little John.

"He's the odd one of the family," Mr. Burroughs probably said many a time.

This father was a blustering but kind-hearted man whose "bark was worse than his bite." He often threatened to punish his children, but seldom did so. John, however, had one whipping at his hands, which he richly deserved.

"Head off that cow," the father called to him one day when the animal was making her way into a meadow of tall grass.

But John did not obey the command though he could easily have done so. To his surprise a sound punishment speedily followed, probably for his good ever afterwards.

Among the little boy's pleasures was the joy of making his own toys. He shaped them out of wood with a clumsy knife. Though he did not realize it, he had heaps more fun with those toys than if they had been bought in a big store in New York City. They were his own in every sense.

Though he did not enjoy all his tasks, there was one which was always delightful. This

was berrying, with his mother for company. How delicious were the wild strawberries which his keen blue eyes discovered in their hiding places among the grass! How sweet was their fragrance as it greeted his nostrils! And the raspberries! The joy of gathering them more than repaid the lad for his labor. How beautiful seemed the blue sky as he looked up towards it, after bending his head down over the bushes! How softly the summer breeze blew about his face and cooled his hot cheeks!

From year to year, therefore, the little fellow looked forward with special delight to the berrying season.

When John was seven years old, something happened which was more exciting to him than his first day in school. He made the discovery that the world was a *wonder-world*!

It came about in this way: the little boy was out in the Deacon Woods one bright spring day. Lying on his back, he was idly looking up towards the tree tops, when he heard a soft rustle overhead. And then, from the deep shadow of the branches, a bird flew out, unlike any John had seen before. It was

small—not so large as a bluebird or robin. Though its back was blue, its throat was black. It had a beautiful song.

What was the name of the bird? From what part of the country had it come? "Its home is not here in the Deacon Woods," thought John, "because I have never seen it before."

The young watcher, leaping up, followed the bird's flight with his eyes as far as he could, wishing to know more about the tiny warbler, for such it was. But it was soon out of sight. As the warbler disappeared, the lad followed it in fancy into the big world beyond the Deacon Woods and his father's farm. Was that world full of strange and wonderful sights? Why, these very woods which he had supposed he knew thoroughly must also hold mysteries to which his eyes had been blind hitherto. And then, beyond them—why, there must be countless wonders to be seen!

After his discovery on that beautiful spring day, John did not mind digging potatoes, cleaning the pig pen, and doing other disagreeable tasks. The reason was that while his hands were hard at work, he was still free to

dream about the streams where he went fishing, the birds and flowers he already knew well, and other things he was yet to become acquainted with.

John enjoyed fishing hugely. Sometimes his love of it made him disobey his father's command that his trout line must never be used on Sunday. Indeed, the lovely Pepacton River and the silvery streams flowing out of it seemed to beg him as hard on Sunday as on other days to snare the shiny graceful trout playing in the waters.

Some of the boy's happiest fishing days were spent with his Grandfather Kelly. Perhaps it was largely because the old man liked to tell stories of ghosts and witches and hobgoblins, "scarey" enough to raise the hair on the head, while the two wandered along beside shady streams, looking for good places to cast their lines.

"Company" days in John's home were always joyous ones for the boy. Then it was that uncles and aunts, cousins and grandparents were entertained, and there was feasting on wheat bread, rich preserves and fat, juicy pies of the mother's making. When

John became a man he wrote about those particularly happy days: "When we would come in at dinner or supper time and see wheat bread on the table we would ask, 'Who's in the other room?'

"Maybe the answer would be, 'Your Uncle Martin and Aunt Virey.' How glad I would be! I always liked to see company. Well, the living was better and then company brought a new element in the day; it gave a little tinge of romance to things. To wake up in the morning and think that Uncle Martin and Aunt Virey were there, or Uncle Edmund and Aunt Saliny, quickened the pulse a little. Or when any of my cousins came—near my own age—what joy filled the days!"

Sometimes, like other boys in his neighborhood, John went hunting in the country round about, but he seldom brought home much game, perhaps because he had too tender a heart to kill the shy, wild creatures.

It happened on a certain spring day that immense flocks of wild pigeons came flying over the farm. There were thousands upon thousands of them. Their outspread blue wings shut out the sky. All at once some of the

birds began to fly downwards into the woods on a near-by hillside. Others kept following till the woods became alive with them. The pigeons seemed everywhere, the lovely creatures fluttering close together among the branches of the trees, or nestling together on the ground, making a live carpet of thick blueness.

As the birds passed by overhead and entered the beechwood, John watched them intently, as if spellbound. Then, getting an old musket, he hurried down the road to the wall which shut in the woods. Creeping up behind it, he aimed his gun at the great mass of soft-voiced birds.

And then? There was no report from the old gun, for the reason that John did not pull the trigger. He didn't know why, but he *couldn't*. Something in his heart must have held him back. Perhaps it was the helplessness of the beautiful creatures which were at his mercy. Perhaps it was their beauty. Perhaps the sweet music which came from thousands of tiny throats cast a spell upon him.

At any rate, there stood the farmer's son, motionless, watching the wonderful sight till,

all at once, there was a mighty roaring sound as the multitude of birds rose with a sudden impulse and flew away.

When they had gone, John was filled with shame. What a chance he had lost! As it happened, it was a chance that never came again, though there were many flights of pigeons over that part of the country in after years.

At another time the boy lost a second rare opportunity. It came on a cold, midwinter day. He had heard the baying of a hound on the mountain slope near his home.

"The dog has scented game," he thought.

Seizing his musket, he hurried to the woods on the mountain slope and placed himself near the probable pathway of the wild creature which the hound was no doubt pursuing. Then he stood still, gun in hand, waiting, watching.

He had not long to wait. Suddenly there was a rustling among the dry leaves on the ground, and the next instant a large, handsome fox appeared before the young hunter's eyes. The fox was fleeing from his dog-enemy, unaware that still greater danger was

close at hand from a boy with a loaded musket.

And John? Well, the picture of that superb creature so filled his mind that there was no room in it for thought of shooting. He did not even move till the fox had disappeared from sight. Then, too late, he raised his musket to his shoulder.

“Foolish fellow!” his family called him when he went home and told what he had missed.

When he tried to give a reason why he had not shot at the fox he said, “I had my mitten on and could not reach the trigger of my gun.”

Something far different from a mittened hand, however, was undoubtedly the reason of his failure. It was this: the beauty of the fox had made the boy’s will stand still. John was different from other boys, without question. That time it made him a laughing stock, and for long afterwards, when he did not succeed in doing something expected of him, he was likely to hear these words, “John had his mitten on, I guess.”

Ah! but he was a happy lad to whom every season brought fresh joys and discoveries. Yet no part of the year seemed to him quite

so full of beauty and wonder as the springtime. As soon as March arrived he watched for Mother Nature's waking from her winter sleep. Then the birds which had been absent for months began to appear, blue jays and bobolinks, song sparrows, robins and nut-hatches. He knew the names and habits of them all and what kind of nesting places they would choose. He loved each one.

Now was the time to start on merry climbs up Old Clump, on whose slopes the snow was already melting and from whose summit tiny streams were beginning to trickle down to the meadows below. Already, as John had discovered, spring was whispering softly to the drowsy trees, and as they wakened at her call buds began to burst forth on every twig. The wild flowers were also appearing now in little nooks sheltered from the wind. John's eyes were so well trained that he knew just where to seek them.

It was also great sport to welcome his friends, the squirrels and rabbits, as they came frisking through the woods after long idle days in hollow tree trunks and burrows. And, out of the whole neighborhood, he was often the first

to discover that the sap had started to flow in the maples. There were fine maple woods on his father's farm, and when the time arrived for the "sugaring," busy exciting days followed for the whole Burroughs family.

No one could have been happier than John now, as he did his share of the work of tapping the trees, gathering the sap, and boiling it down in huge caldrons over blazing wood fires.

Sometimes the sugaring came in late March; sometimes in early April, the month which John loved best.

He has said of it, "One is just in time, so to speak, to catch the first train, which is made up in this month."

He also said, "April is my natal month, and I am born again into new delight and new surprises at each return of it. Its two syllables are like the calls of the first birds—like that of the phoebe bird or of the meadow lark."

John's observant eyes were useful to him in many ways, and particularly when he was the first in the neighborhood to discover that the maple sap had begun to flow. This was be-

cause an early harvest of sugar was easily sold, and at a higher price than could be obtained afterwards.

For instance, the boy wished much one spring for certain books,—an algebra and a grammar. But he had no money with which to buy them.

“Perhaps,” he thought, “father will give it to me.”

So, going to his father, he asked for the money which he felt he needed for a good purpose: buying books which would help him to be wiser.

Mr. Burroughs was a loving father, but he was ignorant.

“Why should John be so eager for book learning?” he often wondered. “He isn’t a bit like his brothers and sisters.”

And now, when the boy asked for an algebra, he was really puzzled. He didn’t even know what the word meant.

“What is an algebra?” he asked.

When John explained, he could not understand any better what use such a book could be to any one who was to earn his living raising hay and potatoes. So he shook his head

and refused to give the money. John walked away with a heavy heart.

Now came his mother's turn. She knew less about books than her husband. She was able to read only a little, and could not write or cipher at all. Yet she must have felt that this young son who, like her, kept many of his thoughts to himself, should be granted his request for the book with a strange name, and when John had turned away, she begged her husband to let the boy have his wish. Because of her pleading, probably, the father relented and shouted after John that he would let him have the money.

By this time, however, the lad was so stirred by the feeling that he had not been treated justly that he did not turn back.

"I can wait," he said to himself, "and I *will* wait till I can earn enough money to buy not only an algebra but the other books I wish for."

He did earn it, too, by tapping some maple trees early in the season and boiling the sap down to sugar which he sold for a good price. After selling it, he sought out Jay Gould, one of his schoolmates who afterwards became one

of the richest men in the world. Jay, as he knew, had a grammar and an algebra he no longer needed. A trade was promptly made. Jay became richer by eighty cents, and John by the possession of the books he had longed for.

In course of time an academy was built in Roxbury and John longed to attend it. But he was not allowed to do so.

“The district school near us is good enough for any one,” his father told this son who, he believed, would never be of much account in the world. Consequently John never entered the academy except to attend exhibitions there. These exhibitions were so interesting, however, that they roused in him longings to know as much about books as the boys who took part in them. To be sure, Mother Nature had already taught him many things in her own vast schoolroom; yet he felt that the schools of men could help him also.

So months went by, in which John worked steadily on his father’s farm. At last he gained the courage to ask Mr. Burroughs if he might go for a while to a seminary some

distance away at Harpersfield. Joyful was the youth when the answer was, "Yes."

Never had he worked with lighter heart than now. There was ploughing to be done—he had not been strong enough for it before—and he tackled it manfully. His heart sang as he drove the plough over the field, and enchanting visions of study at the academy made the world around him seem like fairyland.

Alas! when the time came for the promise to be kept, John's sky grew suddenly black. His father had said to him, "I can't send you to Harpersfield."

The fact was, money was scarce in the household. Besides, John's older brother had never gone to an academy. So why should the family do without something really needed in order that John might go?

There was nothing left, consequently, for the disappointed youth to do except to go to the district school the following winter with this idea in his mind: "I will know enough to teach a school myself when spring comes. Teaching will give me ready money."

So it came about, that young John Burroughs, seventeen years old, found himself at

the village of Tongore, in charge of his first school, with a salary of ten dollars a month to begin with. He was to "board around" in the homes of his pupils.

His journey to Tongore had been a most exciting one, because after a twelve-mile ride with his father, he had gone the rest of the way in a stagecoach. To him that big, clumsy vehicle drawn by four horses was no doubt a very marvelous one.

The young teacher, away from home for the first time, had many longings for the dear ones back in Roxbury. Even the sound of the frogs piping their first spring songs made his homesickness greater, for they had always been heard before in the meadows of the Roxbury farm. There were visions, too, of the roses blooming by the house; of the trout brooks beside which he had spent so many summer days; of climbs up the slopes of Old Clump.

Soon, however, he became interested in his pupils. Besides, he enjoyed being treated to the best their simple homes offered. He always had the honor of sleeping in the "best room," and pie and hot biscuit were com-

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monly served him for supper because of his important position as the village schoolmaster.

When autumn came he went back to Roxbury with nearly fifty dollars in his pocket. What was he going to do with this money? Spend it, of course, in getting a better education.

That autumn he went to the Hedding Literary Institute in the next county, remaining there for three months and studying faithfully. He wrote such good compositions there that, country lad as he was, he stood at the head of the whole school of two or three hundred pupils in this course.

Spring came all too soon, and the youth of eighteen had to think of earning more money.

“Perhaps,” he said to himself, “I can get a school down in New Jersey where other fellows whom I know are teaching.”

So, once more young Burroughs left home, bound for a certain town in New Jersey. His journey was a wonderful experience—more so even than his first ride in a stagecoach, because a part of it was made in a railroad train. As

he seated himself in the car, he was much excited at the idea of the swiftness with which trains move.

Much to his disappointment he did not secure a school in New Jersey; but in the hours he spent in New York on the way home he visited some second-hand bookstores. Such delight as he had wandering about among the books and buying as many as his thin pocket-book allowed! Among them was "Studies in Nature," which John felt would help him in finding out more about the things he had loved and watched in his outdoor life at home,—the birds and the bees; the flowers and the insects.

When he reached home with his books, he had not a penny left, and his stomach was as empty as his purse.

He stayed on the farm till autumn, helping his father and spending every spare minute in reading. Then, in September, he went again to Tongore to teach. During this second stay there he was very happy in his school work and in the companionship of a young girl—Ursula North was her name—with whom he had become acquainted.

When the following April arrived John bade a final good-by to his Tongore school, but not to Ursula North whom he had grown to love. He was not to see her again for some time, however, because he was going to spend the spring months at the place he had dreamed of attending when a boy,—the academy at Cooperstown.

At Cooperstown he went on with the studies he had followed at the Hedding Literary Institute and excelled all his classmates in composition. He enjoyed sports with his schoolmates, as well as his books, and had great fun playing baseball and rowing on the lake.

With the coming of summer the young man went home once more to take part in the farm work. Not for long, however, because when autumn arrived he started on what seemed to him a long journey. He was bound for Buffalo Grove in Illinois, where he had secured a position to teach school. It was his first adventure far from home and he was excited over the thought of the new sights Dame Nature would be sure to reveal to him there. At the same time there was a picture in his

mind to which he turned often. It was the picture of the young girl, Ursula North.

After hearing this, you will not be surprised to learn that in the following spring he and Ursula North were married. He was only twenty years old—scarcely more than a boy—when the wedding took place.

Years of teaching, now in one place, now in another, followed for the young man, with many of the summer vacations spent in work on his father's farm.

When only nineteen years old, he had a composition of his own printed in a newspaper. And not long after that he began to write articles for the *Press*, a New York newspaper. Some of these were lively and cheer-giving. All of them showed that the writer was a man who observed much and who thought things out for himself.

At last, when Mr. Burroughs was about twenty-six years old, what he looked upon as a great event occurred in his life while he was teaching school near West Point.

Ever since that Sunday long before, when he saw the strange bird in the Deacon Woods, he had often said to himself, "I shall know

the birds some day." And now that time had come with the discovery of a book in the West Point Library. It had been written by the great nature lover, Audubon. It told the young reader much that he was eager to know. He has since said of the book, "It was like bringing together fire and powder."

You can imagine, therefore, with what delight he pored over the pages, and what pleasure he found afterwards in wandering about the country around him in search of bird adventures. Every walk, every picnic, every fishing trip had an added charm for him now, because at any moment some songster he had never seen before, but had read about, might appear. He seemed to be in a new world filled with joy and wonder. He began shortly to write, "The Return of the Birds," which has since been read and loved by countless people.

In the meanwhile the Great Civil War was raging, and the hearts of Americans, both North and South, were deeply stirred.

John Burroughs, the gentle schoolteacher and nature lover, felt the general excitement. His dear old Grandfather Kelly had fought in the Revolution. Why should not he follow in

his steps and fight for the freedom of the slaves? Some such thought pressed its way into his mind and would not be driven out.

"I will not stay up here in West Point, but will go to Washington, where helpers in the war are needed," he decided.

Leaving his school, he made his way to the Capital. But instead of enlisting in the army, as he had probably intended, he walked into the Treasury Department and asked for a job there.

"What recommendation can you give?" he was asked, because only a man of fine character would be considered a safe guardian of the riches of the country.

Young Burroughs promptly showed some poems he had written, which revealed his love of trees and flowers and other beautiful things in the world. It was enough. Only an honest, pure-minded man could write verses like those, it was clear; and young Mr. Burroughs was promptly set to work guarding the treasury vaults within whose strong walls many millions of dollars were stored. There, day after day, he sat at his little desk, often attacked by homesickness.

"How much," he doubtless thought, "I have given up for the sake of this work. In my own lovely State of New York the birds are singing gaily, the streams flow as merrily as ever, flowers blossom in countless numbers in valleys and on the hillsides. And here about me through long days are only gloomy walls."

But there were beautiful places near the big city—Piney Ridge and Rock Creek among them—as he soon discovered in long walks taken on Sundays and holidays. There were new birds and flowers for him to become acquainted with, and there were stories to hear from the country children of the opossums and snakes and foxes that wandered that way.

What joy came to him in those days especially from the bird friends he made! He since wrote, "My knowledge of them has come to me through the pores of my skin, through the air I have breathed, through the soles of my feet, through the twinkle of the leaves and the glint of the waters."

He wanted to share this knowledge with other people. So his pen was soon busy writing a book called "Wake Robin." He gave it that name with the thought of a tiny wild

flower he knew, which appears in the early spring when the birds are returning. Fortunately for the young government clerk, he was able to do some of his writing at his little desk in front of the gloomy treasury vaults. So, even there, he could live in imagination in the bright outdoors, sometimes among the hills and fields around Washington; sometimes at his boyhood home in Roxbury with sheep and cattle, birds and bees for company.

When "Wake Robin" was published its readers were filled with delight. They said: "The writer of this book does not tell dry uninteresting facts that we would forget in a few days. He makes us feel at home with Mother Nature and her children. He fills our hearts with love. He fills our minds with beauty." The young man quickly became famous, and when still other books of his appeared on "Birds and Poets" and "Winter Sunshine," people throughout the country began to speak of him as a remarkable person.

"He brings us close to God's wonders," they declared. "He is a *seer*."

What did they mean by calling John Burroughs a *seer*? Just this: he not only dis-

covered beauties which other people passed by with open eyes, but he looked deep down into the heart of things, as only a seer can do, and understood what he found there.

During the years spent in Washington Mr. Burroughs had many happy hours with his wife in their cosy home, as well as in his outdoor tramps. To the home came loved friends with whom he could talk freely about his favorite books and birds and flowers.

One of these friends—probably the dearest—was Walt Whitman, the “Good gray poet,” as he is often called. These two men, because of their common love for all people and all creatures, had great pleasure in each other’s company. Whitman ate many a cheery meal at the home of the treasury clerk, and many a holiday he spent taking long tramps with him through fields and woods.

Mr. Burroughs felt that he gained such riches from Walt Whitman’s companionship and writings, that after the happy years spent with him in Washington he wrote “The Flight of the Eagle,” in noble praise of him. He also wrote several books about Whitman which have done much to help people un-

derstand better his message of brotherhood.

When the ten years at Washington ended, Mr. Burroughs went back to his own State, New York, to become a national bank examiner. With his new duties there was still time to spend many happy days with Mother Nature, and also to write about his adventures.

He was very happy in his work and in the company of his dear wife, yet for many years he lacked one great blessing,—there was no little child in the home to fill it with laughter. So, when at last in the year 1879 his son Julian was born, there was great joy in the household.

Moreover, when Julian had grown to be a lively boy of six years, a wonderful dream of his father's came true: he built a house of his very own. Not in the midst of a big noisy city, however! Indeed not, but in a little village of a hundred or more houses on the shore of the Hudson River.

The new home, which Mr. Burroughs called Riverby, was almost hidden from the road by evergreen trees and was very cosy and comfortable. Happy, quiet years passed there

for its master, though from time to time he had to leave it to attend to his duties as a bank examiner.

For the most part, however, life seemed a good deal like a picnic to him. He told his son stories of his boyhood. He took long walks and made discoveries. He worked in his vineyard, where he raised delicious grapes. He pruned the trees in his orchard. He entertained friends, some of them the greatest people in the land. Best of all, so far as the rest of the world was concerned, he passed busy hours in a little study he had built near the house.

Of course you can guess why these hours were so valuable: because of what he wrote there, opening, as he did, a door upon Mother Nature's priceless riches for thousands—yes, millions—of his readers.

Now, though the master of Riverby could retire at will to his little study, so many people sought him out with the desire to look upon the beautiful face and hear the kindly voice of the famous writer, that after a while he felt the need of a still more quiet place to which he could withdraw when he wished. For this

reason, largely, he decided to build a second home farther back in the country.

As it happened, he and Walt Whitman, who sometimes came to visit him, had discovered in their tramps together the very place suited to his needs. It was among the woods about two miles back from the Hudson. There was a hollow there, with steep, rocky ledges about it. Mosses and vines clung to the sides of the ledges.

Here, then, Mr. Burroughs built a retreat for himself, a rough two-story shack of slabs covered with bark. It was an odd-looking house, yet really beautiful. With its rustic doors and steps it seemed a part of the outdoor world. To this lovely place Mr. Burroughs could go at will to listen to what Mother Nature had to say to him, and to write with his old-fashioned goose-quill pen at the table inside.

Choice friends were sometimes invited to break bread with him at Slabsides, this wilderness home. Among them were President Roosevelt and his wife, who gladly tramped over the rough, stony pathway through the woods to enjoy his hospitality.

Such feasts as he prepared and served his guests at Slabsides! Surely no one could broil chickens over the glowing coals of a fireplace better than he did. Nor could wild strawberries have a richer flavor than those which the great writer picked and set before his friends in his bark-covered home.

As the years passed by, Mr. Burroughs gave up his duties as a bank examiner and was free to take long journeys to other parts of the world whenever he wished. He had already visited England and France, but he was not yet acquainted with all parts of his own country. So he took pleasure in joining an expedition to Alaska where many plants and animals found there were new and strange to him. He traveled through the South and the West, and stayed for a while with John Muir, another noted nature lover, among the noble Yosemite Mountains. He made a delightful trip to Yellowstone Park with Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States.

In Yellowstone Park, he coasted on skis over snow fields, and had more than one laugh-provoking tumble into deep drifts. He rode horseback for the first time in over fifty

years. He listened to the notes of strange birds and imitated their calls to each other. He visited the haunts of wild animals, mountain sheep and elks, bears and deer, and a "singing" gopher, as he called it, because its sad chirrups sounded like bird notes.

Among other sights interesting to him were the famous boiling springs, and the Stygian Caves filled with such poisonous air that the ground around was strewn with the feathers of birds which had breathed the air inside and instantly died.

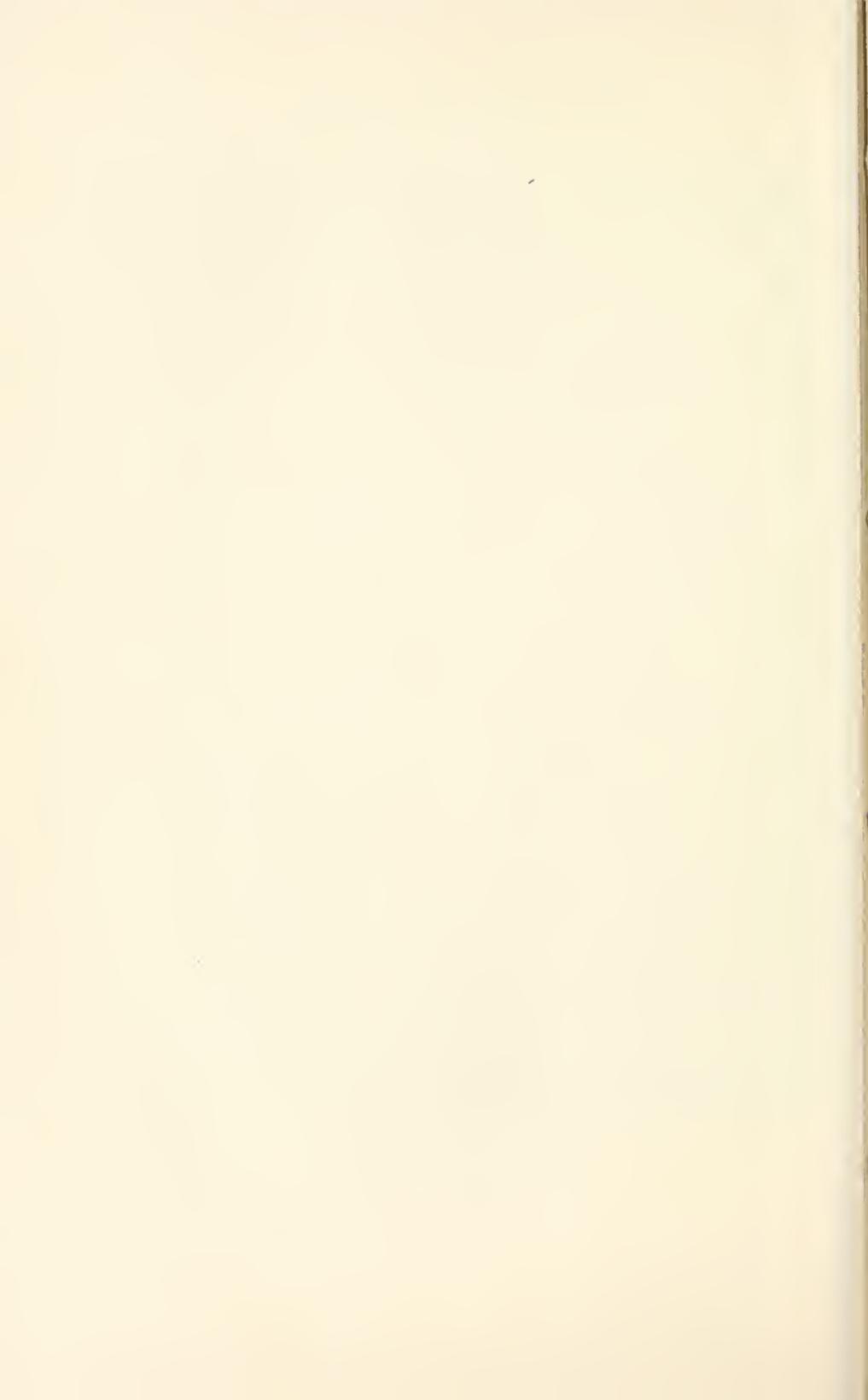
Many wonders Mr. Burroughs looked upon, enjoying what he saw. And many delightful talks he had with his friend, President Roosevelt. Yet he was glad, when the trip was over, to return to his quiet home in the East, with its orchards and grapevines.

In fact, in all the great nature lover's sightseeing, no place had such charms for him as the one he first knew and loved,—the farm at Roxbury. Even Riverby, with its outlook on the Hudson, and Slabsides hidden among the noble boulders were never quite so dear to him as the slopes of Old Clump and the shores of the lovely Pepacton.



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JOHN BURROUGHS LISTENING TO HIS FEATHERED FRIENDS



It was quite natural, therefore, that in course of time Mr. Burroughs should make a third home for himself at Roxbury by building over an old barn about half a mile from the house where he was born. And because of the little creatures which lived near by in the burrows they dug out of the ground, he called this new home "Woodchuck Lodge."

Mr. Burroughs built a rustic porch on the lodge and himself made the furniture used inside, choosing bark-covered wood for most of it. For his study he chose a corner of an old barn which stood on the hill behind the house. As for the desk he set up there, you could never guess what he used. It was an old chicken coop, one side of which was covered with boards. Over its top and sides he stretched heavy, brown paper.

No doubt, when he had finished his work, he looked at it with twinkling eyes and said to himself, "Aha! at this rough, homemade desk I will spend many happy hours."

That is exactly what happened. There, in front of the old chicken coop, friends of Mr.

Burroughs sometimes hunted him out, to find him as light-hearted as a boy.

He wrote somewhat differently in these later years from what he had written before, because he was now most interested in the *whys* of all he had seen in this wonderful world. In other words, he was going deeper in thought into the heart of things, and for this reason many people think his last books are his best.

But now let us go back to Woodchuck Lodge and learn what he did besides sit at his desk and write. He worked in his celery patch; he cut wood; he picked berries. He also took long rambles, often with boys and girls for company, through the sugar bush where the maples were tapped each year of his boyhood, or in the apple orchard which used to furnish him and his brothers and sisters with delicious fruit.

Best of all perhaps, to his child companions, was a climb with their dear old friend up the side of Old Clump. Most delightful tales he told them at such times of the nights he had camped there in the long ago, with the stars peeping down at him between the tree tops.

Vividly he described the beds he made of hemlock boughs, and his falling asleep to the song of birds, and the way the little wild folks of the woods ran off to their homes in the growing darkness. And he would tell of the fun of being wakened in the early morning by chattering squirrels or the calls of robins.

To have wide-awake children about him; to point out to their curious, eager eyes the nest of some strange bird; to follow wild bees with them, as the busy little creatures flew towards some secret store of honey; to gather the ripened nuts on a glorious autumn day in their company, with a faithful dog beside him —these were ever a joy to the man who had lived over eighty years, yet kept the child-heart always.

As time passed by, and his body grew old, Mr. Burroughs turned his eyes longingly towards Southern California. When his own home was held in the clutches of Jack Frost, he was sure of a welcome from the birds and flowers and balmy breezes of California. So it came about that he spent several winters in that warm southland. There he was at last overtaken by serious illness, and on his way

back to his home "Oom John" (our John), as Theodore Roosevelt had tenderly called him, breathed his last.

His body was carried across the country to Roxbury; and on April 3, 1921, which would have been his eighty-fourth birthday, it was laid to rest beside "Boyhood Rock" near Woodchuck Lodge. From beneath that rock a spring of bubbling water used to sing to him in his childhood, as he sat above it looking at the beautiful world around him with eager, wondering eyes.

Honorary degrees were bestowed upon John Burroughs by various colleges; artists and sculptors took pride in picturing and modeling his likeness; clubs formed for studying nature throughout the United States have taken his name.

But why, you may still wonder, was he a great man. He did not discover a new continent, like Columbus. He did not give the world wonderful inventions, like his friend, Thomas Edison. He never turned his thoughts towards new uses of electricity, like Marconi.

Quite true. Yet all his life he was discover-

ing in the world around him priceless treasures which, through his writings, have made countless lives richer and sweeter. Surely nothing greater than this could any one accomplish.

## MARK TWAIN

### *The Giver of Mirth*

VERY likely you have read the adventures of that lively lad, Tom Sawyer, and laughed over them till your sides ached.

It is also quite likely that you think of the writer as Mark Twain. You may not know that his real name was Samuel Langhorne Clemens, and that he was never called by any other till after he became a man.

Later on you shall learn how he got his odd nickname; at present, however, let us consider his boyhood in the village of Florida, Missouri.

He was born on a chilly November day of the year 1835. At first he was such a delicate, sickly little fellow that when the neighbors looked at his frail body, they must have thought, "That child will probably not live long." But their expectations were not realized.

Before Sam was born, his father had had

one business misfortune after another; and only a short while before, he had moved with his family to Florida, hoping for better success there.

How could he expect this in a village of twenty-one houses, with the wilderness all about it? To the hopeful eyes of Mr. Clemens there was a fine chance ahead of him because of Florida's fine position. It stood on the bank of a stream which flowed down to the great Mississippi.

"Before very long," the man said to himself, "the channel of this stream will be deepened. Then ships loaded with produce can sail from our village away down to the city of St. Louis on the Mississippi, which has a big trade with the country south of it. O, yes! there is much to hope for by living in Florida."

While he still believed this, Sam was born. The little boy was exceedingly delicate for several years. Nevertheless, by the time he was old enough to toddle about, he had grown strong enough to share in the play of his brothers and sisters. With them he picked berries and gathered nuts and had many an adventure in the country about him. He

never needed to be lonely because, besides his white playmates, there were always black "pickaninnies" close at hand to join in his sports.

Then, too, there was "Uncle Ned," the black slave who did odd work about the place, and Jennie, who helped Sam's mother in the house. The little boy was very fond of these two, and turned constantly to them for help and entertainment.

Uncle Ned was the most delightful story-teller! He could fairly make one's hair stand on end at the tales he told. For little Sam there could be no greater pleasure than to sit in front of the big fireplace on winter evenings with Uncle Ned and Jennie, and listen to their stories.

"Once 'pon a time," so the stories always started. Then Sam would begin to shiver at the thought of what delightful horrors would shortly be described.

The little boy never forgot some of the tales he and his brothers and sisters heard those winter evenings. One of his favorites was that of the "Golden Arm."

"Once 'pon a time," so it ran, "there was a

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man, an' he had a wife, and she had a' arm of pure gold ; and she died, an' they buried her in the graveyard ; an' one night her husband went an' dug her up and cut off her golden arm an' tuck it home ; and one night a ghost all in white come to him ; an' she was his wife ; an' she says : 'Whar's my golden arm ? Whar's my golden arm ? Whar's my golden arm ? ' "

So the story went on till the end was neared, when Uncle Ned would look fiercely at one after another of his young listeners, with his hands drawn in front of him, and fingers bent like claws. Then, suddenly leaning forward and seizing the shoulders of one of the children, he would give the ghost's anwer in a low and awful voice, "You've got it." After that, so he declared, she tore her husband all to pieces.

On such stories as this Little Sam's mind was fed. No wonder, then, that he fancied hobgoblins dwelt in the darkness. No wonder, either, that he repeated charms his Negro friends taught him would keep evil spirits away. Nor was it strange that while he loved Jennie and Uncle Ned, he had a sort of awe

of them because of their power in story-telling and their knowledge of charms and spells.

Sam, together with his brothers and sisters, had one great fear. It was lest runaway slaves appear in Florida. The children were taught that it was sinful for slaves to run away from their masters and that they deserved terrible punishment for doing so. Never could Sam forget a certain day when one of these runaways was brought into the village by six men who bound his arms and legs with ropes, while he lay helplessly groaning.

Even in Sam's own home he sometimes saw sad happenings, because his parents believed it right to punish their slaves. For instance, Jennie was now and then saucy to her mistress.

"The girl must be whipped," decided Sam's mother one day. She started to give the whipping, but Jennie was too strong for her and snatched the whip out of her hands. At such daring, Mr. Clemens was hurriedly sent for. As soon as he arrived he seized Jennie, tied her wrists tightly together with rope so she could not resist, and proceeded to whip her across the shoulders with a cowhide.

Little Sam must have been greatly excited

over Jennie's suffering. If he had been older, he might have wondered that his dear mother, who was so tender-hearted that she would not kill a fly, could bear to have her work girl, though only a black slave, punished so severely.

The little boy was a good deal like his mother in many ways. His skin was fair like hers; his hands and feet were small; and his head was covered with soft, thick hair. Like her, too, he was ready to see the funny side of things, and as he grew older, he told amusing stories in the same quiet, droll manner, with never a sign that he knew he was witty.

Some of his happiest days were spent on the farm of his Uncle John Quarles. In the first place, his uncle was always bubbling over with fun and could send the child, who always delighted to be with him, into gales of laughter over his stories.

If Sam's mother sent him to the farm for eggs, the jolly man was very likely to say: "Your hens won't lay, eh? Tell your maw to feed 'em parched corn and drive 'em up hill."

Of course, these words were enough to bring a grin of delight to the face of any young visitor.

And then John Quarles was such a wonderful mimic that it was fun to watch his every motion. It was impossible for a small boy to have a kinder or more lovable uncle, even though he was happy-go-lucky in his business ways. At least, so Sam thought.

When the little boy was less than four years old, he met with his first big sorrow in the death of his sister Margaret, a beautiful girl of nine years.

Mr. Clemens was having troubles enough already. He had started in business for himself and had not succeeded. One hope was with him still, however,—that rich lands he had bought years before would yet bring a fortune to his family.

“The time will surely come,” he said to himself, “when my children will be made rich by those lands, even though I shall not.”

“I will not stay here in Florida any longer,” he decided at last. “I will move to some larger place where there will be better chances for trading.”

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Having made up his mind, he quickly settled up what business he had and started out with his family for the town of Hannibal, Missouri, on the banks of the Mississippi River. Their household belongings were carried with them in a big heavy wagon. Along rough country roads they jogged, the children enjoying the ride because they were seeing new sights, and dreaming of the wonders to come when they should reach their destination.

Hannibal must have seemed a wonderful place to little Sam when he got his first good view of it! What jolly times he could have there! What delightful adventures on the river, where he could see all sorts of craft sailing by,—rafts and small boats; and more interesting still to his country eyes, strange big steamers whose engines puffed and snorted, and whose wheels tossed up white foam above the dark waters.

Furthermore, mystery lay in the forests the lad could see lining the farther shore of the river. Wild animals dwelt there—bears and wildcats and opossums, and other creatures whose names Sam did not know. Savages prowled there, too, he was told,—fierce red

men who carried tomahawks and scalping knives and knew no pity for their enemies.

Little Sam saw many different kinds of people in the streets of Hannibal. Some were not at all like the country folks he had known in Florida, who dressed for the most part in homemade garments. Why, the men of high standing in Hannibal actually wore shirts with ruffles up and down the fronts, stiff tall "store" hats, and the most elegant swallowtail coats.

Though Mr. Clemens belonged rightfully among the better class of people in the town, he was too poor to mingle much with them. So, while there were many in the place who lived in style and had numbers of black slaves to wait upon them in large and comfortable homes, Sam's family had to be contented to settle themselves in a few rooms while his father opened a small shop elsewhere with his fifteen-year-old son Orion for his assistant.

Poor Orion! He was a dreamy sort of lad and he hated business. Little Sam loved him deeply, but he was scarcely old enough to feel sorry that his big brother was obliged to stay indoors selling goods instead of wandering

about the town or seeking adventures on the river as Sam himself liked to do so well.

In fact, the small boy was continually running away from home. He was not old enough to go to school where his brother Benjamin and sister Pamela now went. His mother had the baby, little Henry, to watch, so there were many chances for Sam to steal away from the house and explore the wonderful world around him.

His careworn mother never felt sure he was safe when he was out of her sight in the day-time. She could not even stop worrying about him at night after she had tucked him into bed, because he sometimes walked in his sleep, and she feared he might come to harm while doing so. Many a time she roused from her own rest to find he had left the warm shelter of his coverlets and was wandering about the cold house, chilled through, yet sound asleep.

During those early years of Sam's life he was often so ill that the doctor was required. He must have thought illness an interesting event, or perhaps the extra attention and special dishes a sick child was bound to receive pleased him. At any rate, he actually

tried to take the measles which had been attacking many of the children in the town.

"How can I catch the measles?" considered little Sam.

He soon found the way by sneaking into the home of a child he knew who had this disease. Into the boy's room he crept when no one was watching and jumped into bed with the sick child. Soon afterwards his own body was covered with itchy red spots, and the doctor said that he had the measles. His wish had been fulfilled.

Such a sick boy he soon became! Before many days his family looked at him with sadness, as there seemed small hope of his getting well, and the one thought was, "Our dear little Sammie must die."

And Sammie? How did he feel, as he lay there weak and suffering? When he looked up at the tear-filled eyes bent upon him, he was actually delighted at being the object of such tender interest. It was worth dying for, it seemed to him. To the surprise of all, however, he recovered and was soon up and about in search of fresh mischief. Yet he was still so delicate that his mother decided

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nothing would restore his strength so quickly as a summer on his Uncle John's beautiful farm near Florida.

It was furthermore decided that the whole Clemens family should go there also. Accordingly, one pleasant morning in June, the mother and Jennie, with the three oldest children and the baby, started out in a wagon on the long day's ride to Florida. Mr. Clemens was to follow with Sammie the next day. Something happened, however, to prevent the plan from being carried out entirely, something which seemed very sad to Sammie at the time, but which he could laugh about in after years. He got left behind! You shall hear how this came about.

When Mr. Clemens rose early next morning, the little son left in his charge was still fast asleep, so the father went out to saddle the horse and prepare for the start. When all was ready, it was still quiet within and without the house because Sammie had not roused from the kingdom of dreams to remind his father of his charge.

Absent-mindedly, the dreamy man locked the house door, sprang to his horse's back, and

rode away in the direction of Florida. And surprising as it may seem, he traveled all the long miles to John Quarles's farm without remembering the small boy he had left behind, locked up in the lonely house.

When at last Mr. Clemens appeared at the farm alone, the boy's mother cried out at once, "Where is Sam?"

The father, brought suddenly to his senses, had to explain why he was alone. And you may well believe, as soon as his story had been told, that some one was sent back in haste to fetch the deserted child.

When once he arrived at the farm, loving relatives were waiting to pet him to his heart's content. And in the weeks that followed each day was filled with new delights. There were rides in the swings behind the house with his small cousin, Tabitha, and with the black slave, Mary, to push the children. There were frolics in the near-by woods with squirrels frisking at his feet. There were rides on the tops of the loads filling the big wagons drawn by oxen.

Sometimes, too, the mischievous little fellow used to spring upon the threshing machine

when the Negro driver was not looking, and ride for a while as it moved along through the grain. It was all the greater sport because of the danger.

Oh! and what fun it was to dash in among the cows as they were driven home at sunset for the milking, and set them running in all directions, with their bells jingling merrily.

How glorious was the harvest time when Sammie helped to gather the rosy-checked apples and the luscious peaches! What delight to wander through the watermelon patch and come upon a big, ripe melon ready for the picking, and then feast upon it till his stomach could hold no more! Once, alas, Sammie ate so much of a green watermelon that he became very ill. He was in such pain that some of the household feared the boy could not live.

His mother, however, did not seem troubled, and said calmly: "Sammie will pull through. He wasn't born to die yet." And he wasn't.

During the delightful summer on the farm the small boy grew so strong that when he returned home in the autumn his mother de-

cided to send him to school. Sam's first day in a schoolroom showed his teacher that she had a very lively boy to deal with.

He, for his part, discovered that there were rules which he could not break without punishment following. Before the first day ended his teacher's patience was used up, and she startled her new pupil by saying, "Go outdoors and get me a big stick."

Now, since there was no doubt what use was to be made of the stick, five-year-old Sam hunted about quite a while, considering what sort of one to select. A big stick looked dangerous in his eyes. It might hurt too much. While he was searching he caught sight of some shavings, lying on the ground in front of a cooper's shop. A shaving was the only thing, of course! Picking one up, he carried it into the school house and soberly presented it to his teacher. Did she laugh, and forthwith forgive the small offender? Indeed not. Instead she said severely, "Samuel Langhorn Clemens, I am ashamed of you." Then she turned to another pupil and directed him to go out and get a switch. It was quickly brought, and Sammie received such a thrash-

ing that he hated school then and ever afterwards.

Why shouldn't he have done so, with a cross teacher who made his back sore from frequent whippings, and with the wonderful fields and woods and river outside ever calling to him? Notwithstanding his love of mischief he must have got his lessons pretty well, for he quickly learned to read and became noted for his ability in spelling.

During Sam's first school days his father was so poor that he was obliged to get money by selling his slave girl Jennie.

As months went by, however, fortune began to smile upon the family again, and Mr. Clemens was able to build a new and more comfortable home.

By this time Sam was a healthy, sturdy boy, quite able to take care of himself, as he thought, hating restraint with his whole heart and getting into mischief continually.

He wandered about the town a good deal, and his curious eyes looked upon some terrible happenings, because Hannibal was on the very borderland of the vast, wild West. Once the lad saw a man killed in broad daylight by the

shot of an enemy. At another time—it was on a dark night in the midst of a thunder storm—he and one of his boy chums stood in hiding, watching a man maddened with drink strive to enter the home of a widow and her daughter to do them harm; and still the two boys watched as the widow shot at the man and killed him.

Such sights as these gave the nervous, excitable Sam bad dreams from which he would wake full of terror.

For the most part, however, his boyhood days were happy ones. There were picnics; there were ferryboat rides on the wonderful river; there were fishing trips with his chums, and adventures in the woods. There was play in the big cave where Sam and his chosen playmates pretended that they were Indians, or bandits, or pirates.

A walk of three miles to reach the cave was quickly forgotten when the boys once found themselves inside its dark halls. There was no other place where Sam and his young followers—he was always the leader—lived in imagination through such marvelous adventures.

Sam learned to swim when he was quite young, but he came near drowning more than once before he mastered the art. Once a slave girl saved his life. At another time a slave man dragged him out of the water when he was just about to sink. But these accidents, and even the sight of two drowned playmates did not make him lose courage, and in course of time he became noted for his ability to move with ease through the waters of Bear Creek.

Sam was looked upon by his playmates as a wonderful story-teller; and though he spoke in a slow, drawling way, this did not prevent them from dropping whatever they were doing to gather about him and listen to the thrilling tales he spun for them.

So busy did he keep inventing imaginary adventures that the rest of his family were never sure when he was telling what had actually happened and when he was "making up." No matter how much he meant to tell the truth, his imagination was continually running away with him.

He dearly loved the big river, beside which he dreamed of wonderful happenings for

those who were free to sail upon it. He wished so much that he were himself free. Then what adventures he could have! Sometimes, when the longing became very strong, he would get into some boat drawn up along the shore and row out upon the water, alone and unafraid, though he was such a tiny little fellow when he first attempted it that he could scarcely lift the oars.

There were certain boys Sam liked to go with because they were allowed to do as they pleased. Bad boys they were called by some of the townspeople because of their wild, mischievous ways.

One of them, especially, Ben Blankenship, was a hero in Sam's eyes. Ben did not have to work and he was not sent to school. He knew a great deal about fishing, and trapping wild creatures, and other things in which Sam was interested.

“You must not play with Ben Blankenship,” Mr. and Mrs. Clemens told their lively son.

But he did not always obey their command, and whenever he had a chance he would steal away for fresh mischief with Ben and some

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other boys who made up his band of prank lovers.

Sam had still other chums who were well-behaved and whom his parents liked. He also had girl friends whom he adored. And with all his liking for mischief, he had a kind heart for dumb creatures and a love for trees and flowers and all other beautiful things.

Sam's sad-eyed father died before the boy was eleven years old, and he was seized with sorrow. The thought of every wrong deed he had ever done came rushing into his mind. How many a time he had worried his father by his mischievous pranks! How many a time he had disobeyed! His mother saw her little son was suffering and tried to comfort him. She ended by asking him to promise one thing.

With tear-filled eyes he broke in, "I will promise anything if you won't make me go to school. Anything!"

His mother answered: "No, Sammie. You need not go to school any more. Only promise me to be a better boy. Promise not to break my heart."

He promised. "I will try to be like my dear, good father," he told her.

He meant what he said, and having a strong sense of honor, he strove thereafter to carry out his promise.

After her husband's death Mrs. Clemens had to consider how her family was to be supported. Orion was already working as a printer in St. Louis and able to send his mother three dollars every week out of his small earnings. Pamela, who had learned to be a good piano player, was able to help by giving music lessons. But more money still was needed. So Mrs. Clemens now proposed to Sam that, young as he was, he should support himself by becoming a printer's apprentice. Such a position shortly fell in his way and he started to learn the trade of a printer. He was to receive board and clothing in return for his work.

He showed himself very helpful to his employer. He became quick in setting type, running the press, and other duties that fell to his lot. While he worked he was learning a good deal about composition and punctuation. He was getting considerable fun out

of life at the same time, because he was free to do whatever he pleased in the late afternoon and evening. Therefore, he was still able to visit his loved cave and take short river trips with his boy friends. Besides, he often attended parties where the boys and girls who were present played forfeits and other such games.

One day something happened which young Sam afterwards called the turning point in his life. He picked up a paper on the street. Not a very important matter, you may think. But it was what was printed there which counted. It was a leaf from a book telling the story of the famous heroine, Joan of Arc.

Sam had not read very many books at that time, and he knew nothing about history. As he read the page he had picked up, he became deeply interested in the life of the brave Joan of Arc. His heart was filled with sorrow for her sufferings. He wished to learn more about her. From that day he read every book possible about the Maid of Orleans and the wars of France. Then he went on to read still other books of history because they told of the

lives of many different people,—their sufferings, their struggles, their victories.

He now woke up to his own ignorance along other lines. He did not know any language except his own. He said to himself, "I must learn French first of all," and he started at once upon the study.

Sam had finished two busy, happy years as a printer's apprentice when Orion came home from St. Louis and started a newspaper in Hannibal.

"Will you work for me on my paper?" he asked Sam. The fifteen-year-old lad accepted the position, and was soon busily doing his full share to make the *Hannibal Journal* have a good circulation. His brother, anxious for success, was a somewhat hard taskmaster. Sam was faithful, even though he had far less time for fun than ever before. Even at the printing office he showed his lively, merry nature, his quickness of wit, and his readiness to spring a joke whenever he saw a chance.

After several years it was pretty clear that Orion's newspaper was becoming a failure. In his disappointment the young man was

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sometimes unjust to Sam and treated him unkindly. He had never been able to pay him much for his help and Sam could not save a penny. One day the lad got courage to ask Orion for enough money to buy a second-hand gun. At this Orion flew into a temper and accused his brother of being extravagant.

It was the "straw that broke the camel's back." Sam, feeling that he could bear no more, went to his mother and said, "I am going to St. Louis where I am sure of a job."

In his heart he meant to travel still farther before he returned home, but he did not wish to fret his mother by telling her so.

When he was ready to start, the loving woman, fearful of the temptations her lively son might meet in the big world, held out a Testament and asked him to take hold of the other end of it and make her a promise.

"I want you to repeat after me these words," she said, "I do solemnly swear that I will not throw a card or drink a drop of liquor while I am gone."

Sam did as he was asked, and with that promise he left the little town of Hannibal to seek his fortune in the big world. He first

went to St. Louis and secured work on a newspaper there. Then, as soon as he earned enough money for the trip, he took his first train ride, traveling to New York City which to the country lad proved a place of wonders.

He secured work in a printing office at five dollars a week, with which salary he managed to pay his expenses and even save a fifty-cent piece now and then.

When not busy at the printing office he went sight-seeing about the city, and sometimes even to the theater. He wrote home of the marvelous sights of New York, among them being the Crystal Palace which was filled every day with twice as many people as there were in the whole town of Hannibal!

He was homesick at times—this eighteen-year-old youth with keen eyes and a shock of curly auburn hair—but he did not give in to the longing to see his family.

After some months he went to Philadelphia, where he got a job as compositor in a printing office. There, as in New York, he spent his spare hours sight-seeing, reading, and making many friends through his kindly, merry ways. He also tried writing articles for different

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newspapers, but failed to get them printed. But, through all his experiences, he remained true to the promise he had made his mother, though the young men with whom he worked drank freely and constantly put temptation in his way.

After some months in Philadelphia young Clemens made his way back to New York, where he stayed and worked for a while longer. Then, one day, after more than a year's absence from his home he appeared there once more, merry as ever, and with a gun in his hand.

"You wouldn't let me buy a gun," he said, turning to Orion. "So I bought one myself, and I am going to use it now in self-defense." With this joke, he threw himself into his happy mother's arms.

After jolly days with his loved ones, he started out in search of fresh adventures in the city of Cincinnati, where he once more worked at his printer's trade. In his boarding house there was a Scotchman with whom he quickly became friends. This man was a great reader and had many books, so that in the long evenings the two spent together, the young

printer learned a great deal about many subjects with which he had not been familiar.

He was not content to remain in Cincinnati very long because he longed to see more of the world. Just now South America was calling to him, her mighty Amazon River especially.

"I will go there," decided Sam Clemens.

He had saved up enough money for a trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans. After reaching that city, he believed he could manage somehow to go still farther. Thus it came about one spring day that the young man boarded a steamer bound for New Orleans, intending when he got there to take another boat going to South America.

As he sailed down the Mississippi, however, his boyhood love for it gripped him harder and harder, till his longing for South America faded away.

"I would like nothing so well as to learn this river," he thought.

With this idea he went to Mr. Bixby, the pilot, and offered himself as a pupil. Mr. Bixby shook his head. He had found "cub pilots," as learners were called, a good deal of trouble.

When he refused Sam Clemens's request, the youth did not give up hope. He went on to tell Mr. Bixby about himself, of his trade as a printer, and of the plan he had formed of going to South America. The pilot began to be interested.

"What makes you pull your words—that way?" he asked, referring to Sam's drawl.

"You'll have to ask my mother," Sam answered, speaking even more slowly than usual. "She pulls hers, too."

At that Mr. Bixby began to laugh and feel friendly at the same time.

Well, the upshot of the talk was that Sam became a cub pilot, with hard work ahead of him, but with plenty of happiness thrown in. Before him was the task of learning how to steer a steamer through twelve hundred miles of the big river. He must fix in his mind the names of the smallest towns along the way, as well as the largest. Every little island which he passed must also be known; every turn, every shallow, as well. It was a tremendous task.

Mr. Bixby did his best to help his young assistant who showed himself quick of mind,

persevering, and determined. At the start he gave young Clemens good advice.

"My boy," he said, "you must get a little memorandum book and every time I tell you a thing put it down right away. There's only one way to be a pilot, and that is to get this entire river by heart. You have to know it just like a, b, c."

Sam followed this advice and made such rapid progress that in due time he was looked upon as one of the most expert pilots on the Mississippi. Happy years followed, during which the young man was busy not only in guiding steamers on their way, but in studying the passengers who traveled in them. In this kind of schooling he made great progress.

It was not meant that Sam Clemens should be a river pilot always. The opening of the Civil War put an end to such a life because the trips of steamboats on the Mississippi were brought to a sudden stop.

"What shall I do next?" was the question that now arose in Sam's mind.

It was shortly answered. Orion received a position from the Government at Washington;

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he was to go into the far West to be Secretary of the Territory of Nevada.

“Suppose I go with you as your private secretary,” proposed Sam. “If you will take me, I will pay the expenses of our journey there.”

The offer was gladly accepted and the two brothers started on their journey west. It was a long and difficult trip through almost unknown country, because there were no overland railways on which to travel in those days.

Sam Clemens enjoyed it, however, because it was full of adventure, and in due course of time he and Orion reached the territory of Nevada, where they found the people greatly excited because gold and silver had been recently discovered among the mountains around them.

Before long Sam, too, became excited, and with three new acquaintances started for the mining region. Soon, he firmly believed, he would become a rich man.

For more than two hundred miles the party traveled through snow and storms, in constant danger of encounters with savage Indians. They met packs of wolves from

which they had to flee, and other dangers, too, beset them. In all their hardships young Clemens was the life of the party. His jokes and pranks kept the hearts of the others light. Why should he not feel gay, when he thought of the precious ore waiting to be dug? Alas! his dreams did not come true in that first, or in any other of his mining experiences, and the time came when he felt it was of no use to remain longer in a mining camp.

Letters he had written home had already been published in a newspaper in Keokuk where the family now lived. Some of these letters had been reprinted through Orion's efforts in *The Territorial Enterprise*, and signed "Josh." They were amusing and were much liked by the rough Westerners who read them.

Money was getting very scarce in Sam's pockets when an offer came to him from the editor of the *Enterprise*. He was asked to become a reporter for that paper. The young man did not agree to this at once. It seemed hard to be a mere reporter when he had had such high hopes of shortly becoming a rich man by discovering gold.

But he soon decided that he would better go to Virginia City and accept the post which had been offered him on the *Enterprise*. He found very soon that he had decided rightly, as he quickly became a favorite writer of the people in Virginia City and thereabouts. They liked fun, and they enjoyed jokes, and the young reporter supplied these abundantly.

His fame spread quickly. He began to send articles to eastern newspapers as well as those in the West. They were liked so much that he felt his writing should be signed.

"What name do you wish it to be?" asked the editor of the *Enterprise*. "Josh?"

"No," was the answer. "I want to sign my articles, 'Mark Twain.' "

As young Clemens said this, he was thinking of his pilot days on the Mississippi, when the man who took the soundings often called out "Mark twain," meaning twelve feet.

"It was always a pleasant sound for a pilot to hear on a dark night," Sam told the editor. "It meant safe water."

Thus it came about that the afterwards famous author, Samuel Langhorne Clemens, was thenceforth spoken of as "Mark Twain."

When he had worked as a reporter for some time in Virginia City he went to San Francisco, where there was a bigger field for a young writer, and where he soon became known to a much larger number of readers. There, in San Francisco, he met the noted humorist Artemus Ward, and the two became strong friends.

During a vacation which Sam Clemens took while living in San Francisco, he went up into the mountains to engage in pocket mining. Among the men he met there was a slow-going fellow who often told tiresome, lengthy stories to any folks who would listen to him.

One day, when young Clemens was with him, he told an amusing tale about a jumping frog, but he did not seem to see the humor of it. His hearer did, and after he went back to San Francisco, he wrote the story very cleverly, making it still more laugh-provoking than when he had heard it.

“Jim Smiley and his Jumping Frog” was shortly published in a newspaper. The day it appeared, November 18, 1865, proved to be one of great importance in the life of its

writer. Its readers welcomed it with delight. It was copied in one western paper after another, and after that papers in the East copied it also. The name of Mark Twain shortly spread over the United States, and at its mention, people smiled at thought of the man who could make others laugh and be glad. The first big step towards world-fame had been taken by the young reporter.

Before long he had the opportunity of going to the Sandwich Islands to travel about the country, and write for his readers in California descriptions of the people and the beautiful sights he saw there.

These letters proved to be so interesting that soon after his return to the United States, as he needed money badly, the thought entered his mind that he could entertain others not only by writing, but by lecturing about what he had seen.

"What easier way can there be of earning money than by lecturing on the Sandwich Islands?" he asked himself.

The lecture was given and met with tremendous success. Other lectures rapidly followed, both in California and Nevada.

Crowded audiences attended, all ready to be amused, and they were not disappointed.

Mr. Clemens, with plenty of money in his pockets, next decided to take a trip around the world. But first of all, he wished to see his home folks. So, taking a steamer from San Francisco, he sailed down to the Isthmus of Panama, which he crossed, and then boarded a steamer bound for New York City.

From New York he hurried to St. Louis, where his mother and his sister Pamela were living. As he appeared before them after his long absence, did he seem changed—this fine-looking man, now thirty-one years old, who was being praised all over the country as a witty writer and speaker—from the boy who had left home only a few years before? No, to them he was the same dear, loving Sam who could tell the funniest jokes with the gravest of faces. No longer need his pious mother fear lest he come to some bad end, as she had feared in his boyhood. Instead, her heart must have been full of pride as she looked at this handsome son who was fast “making good” in the world.

While in St. Louis Mr. Clemens heard of an excursion soon to set out for Palestine.

"I will give up my trip around the world," he decided, "and will join the party bound for the Holy Land."

This he did, but before he sailed out of New York Harbor on that delightful excursion, his first book, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and Other Sketches" was published and met with a good sale.

Now you must certainly hear of something which happened while Mr. Clemens was away and which proved to be of great importance to him in after years. A fellow traveler, Charles Langdon, showed him the picture of his youngest sister, a delicate, beautiful girl named Olivia.

Mr. Clemens was so stirred by the beauty of the girl's face that he begged to look at the picture again and again.

"The time must come," he said to himself, "when I shall meet Olivia Langdon."

He did meet her, but not as soon as he returned to New York, because he hurried from

there to Washington to become private secretary to Senator Stewart.

While in Washington he wrote letters for the newspapers, describing his travels across the ocean. He also found time to accept many invitations to dinners and receptions, where he was often asked to make speeches. He was now a popular, much sought man. In the meantime his book was being largely sold in England as well as in the United States, while his travel letters were bringing him more and more fame.

During his life in Washington he went on to New York to spend the Christmas holidays, and then at last his wish to meet the girl whose picture he had so much admired was granted.

He found she was all he had dreamed her to be,—fine and beautiful in nature and in face. In his eyes she was almost a saint. You can easily guess what followed. Before many months from their first meeting Olivia Langdon and Samuel Clemens were betrothed, and about a year afterwards they became man and wife.

Such a happy wedding day that was! The young couple loved each other dearly; and

besides, worldly fortune was smiling upon them. Mr. Clemens had written a second book, "Innocents Abroad," and it had brought him fame in Europe and the United States, as well as large money returns. He had been giving many lectures which had also met with great success. He was already looked upon far and wide as one of America's greatest humorists.

Mr. and Mrs. Clemens had their first home in Buffalo, New York, in a handsome house which the bride's father gave them. It had been kept as a surprise from the young husband till he entered it with his bride and went with her from one beautifully furnished room to another.

He did not realize that this home was a gift till his wife said: "Don't you understand, Youth, don't you understand? It is ours—all ours—everything—a gift from father!"

"Youth" was the name Mrs. Clemens often used in speaking to her husband.

Months filled with joy followed for the young man and his wife. Mrs. Clemens, writing to her sister about her life, said, "Sue, we are two as happy people as you ever saw.

Our days seem to be made up only of sunlight, with no shadow in them."

After a while Mr. Clemens ended his work as a writer for newspapers in Buffalo, and he and his young wife then decided to move to the beautiful city of Hartford, Connecticut.

Accordingly a handsome house was built there, and in the new home Mr. and Mrs. Clemens settled themselves as quickly as possible. Before this a little son had come to bless them, but he was a very delicate baby and lived only a few months after reaching Hartford.

Except for this loss, Mr. and Mrs. Clemens had much to bring them joy. They had quickly gathered about them a host of friends. Chief among these, perhaps, was the young minister, Mr. Joseph Twitchell, who was afterwards the delightful companion often referred to in Mark Twain's "A Tramp Abroad." Among other dear friends were the writer, Charles Dudley Warner, and his talented wife, and Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

In course of time three little daughters were born, Susie, Clara and Jean. To add to the

happiness in the house there were often guests in the family when Mr. Clemens ever showed himself a merry and delightful host.

Before many years distinguished people from all over the world began to seek the now famous writer "Mark Twain," feeling that it was an honor to know him. He had great reason to be a proud and happy man.

Of course, there were many hours when he was busy with his writing, because his brain was ever at work spinning tales that would bring joy and laughter to his readers. At such times his children knew he must not be disturbed. But when he appeared among them, ready for a frolic or to tell them stories, then they were happy indeed. Why, they felt sure he could make up a story about *anything*.

Suppose they held up a picture before him with the command, "Make up something about this." The command was sure to be obeyed.

Or suppose they mentioned the name of some animal and asked for a fairy tale about it. Forthwith, to their delight, a wonderful story was spun for them on the subject they had chosen.

At first Mr. Clemens had a handsome room in the home for his study. But after a while he gave this up to the little folks as a playroom and when he wished to write he sought a room he had set apart for himself in the stable.

Afterwards he made the billiard room on the top floor of the house into a study. He was a great lover of billiards, and it was an easy matter to turn from his work table, when he was tired of writing, to indulge in his favorite game.

Unlike most authors, he wrote far less in winter than in summer. During the cold months of the year he usually planned his books and gave their construction much thought. Then, as the days grew warmer, he was ready to settle down to hard work. There was no place he liked better for doing this than at Quarry Farm in Elmira, New York, where Mrs. Clemens's sister and her husband had their home.

When June came around, the Clemens family made ready, year after year, for a summer's outing at beautiful Quarry Farm.

Mr. Clemens did not have his study in the

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house there because he might be disturbed. So a summerhouse was built a little way from the home at the top of a small peak of land. It was almost entirely of glass, and fashioned much like a pilot house such as Mr. Clemens had looked out from countless times during his life on the Mississippi. There the great author betook himself every morning after breakfast; and there he wrote busily till a horn sounded in the late afternoon, calling him to dinner.

The rest of the day was given up to his family, and jolly hours they passed with him. The children were treated to many a wonderful tale on summer evenings, but there was one kind of story which they specially liked. It was about cats, sometimes real ones, because Quarry Farm boasted many cats of which Mr. Clemens was very fond. More often, perhaps, the cats were created by the story-teller's lively imagination.

As for the grown-ups who had the privilege of Mr. Clemens's companionship, they felt that his spoken words were even more entertaining than his writings. He was so wise and so brilliant that his sentences were

like diamonds. He surprised his listeners by constantly unexpected flashes of wit.

In fact, no one ever could feel sure just what "Mark Twain" would say or do next. The story is told, for instance, of a call he made on Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe in Hartford. She was about to take a trip to Florida, and Mr. Clemens hurried over to her house one morning to bid her good-by.

When he got home his wife, looking up at him, exclaimed, "Why, Youth, you haven't on any collar and tie!"

He did not answer, but went to his room, where he selected the articles which had been missing in his dress and did them up in a paper. Then, after writing a brief note to go with the package, he sent it over to Mrs. Stowe by a servant.

This was the note, "Herewith receive a call from the rest of me."

On reading it Mrs. Stowe was much amused and sent back a witty reply, asking if in extreme cases a man might not send his hat, coat and shoes, and be excused from appearing in person altogether.

As years passed by, Mr. Clemens became a

great traveler. He went to Europe with his family a number of times, often making his home for several months in some interesting spot in England, Germany or Italy.

In the meantime he gathered material for books of travel, such as "A Tramp Abroad" and "The Innocents Abroad." These proved to be different from most books of the kind because of this rare gift of the writer: he had the power of seeing the laughable side of every happening, and of making others also see it.

None of his books probably have given more pleasure to both old and young folks than "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" in which Mr. Clemens described many of his own boyhood experiences in Hannibal. And just as he was the real Tom he told about in that story, so was his forbidden playmate, Ben Blankenship, the real hero of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," the writing of which followed "Tom Sawyer."

Among his other books which have brought entertainment to millions of people are "Roughing It," in which he pictured some of his youthful mining experiences in the wild

West, and "Life on the Mississippi," in which he humorously described his life as a pilot on the big river.

Quite different from these are "The Prince and the Pauper" in which the writer imagined for us what life would be if a rich boy and a poor one changed places. It is such a vivid story that it has been made into a play which you will certainly like to see if you have not already done so.

And then there is "Joan of Arc" which Mr. Clemens did not write till he became an old man, but into which he put his whole heart. You will remember how he was touched as a boy when he picked up in the street the stray leaves of a book telling about the lovely Maid of Orleans. For nearly fifty years he tenderly treasured the thought of her in his mind. Then, at last, he wrote her story with deeper feeling and more beautifully than it had ever been written before.

Success followed success for the great author. He not only wrote many books, but from time to time he lectured in different parts of the world before enthusiastic audiences. His praises were sung everywhere.

Yet he remained untouched by them and was never so happy as when with his devoted wife and daughters in the New England home.

How his children adored him! Thirteen-year-old Susie started to write a life of her father and in this she said, "He is the loveliest man I ever saw or hope to see, and oh, so absent-minded!"

Though Mr. Clemens had many years of happiness, trouble and sorrow came to him in course of time.

To begin with, when he was sixty years old, the publishing house of which he was a member failed, and both his wife's fortune and his own were lost. This made him very unhappy, both for his wife's sake and that of other people who had invested in the business.

"Their money must be paid back to them," he declared.

"You are not called upon to do this," said his friends. "You can easily settle for fifty cents on a dollar."

But Mr. Clemens had too high a sense of honor to be influenced by such advice.

"All must be paid back," he insisted.

Yet how could he do it, when the amount of

money needed to do this was immense? It looked like an impossible undertaking.

"I will make a lecture tour around the world," he announced, after thinking the matter over carefully. "With the money I raise in this way and through the sale of my books, I hope to get all my debts paid off by the end of four years."

With a brave heart he made plans for the long journey. He decided to take his wife and daughter Clara with him, so they might see the strange lands he was going to visit,—Australia, New Zealand, India and Africa. He started out on the big undertaking in the year 1895, and in the autumn of 1900 he was back in the United States with a light heart because every penny of his debts had been paid. He had lectured in many lands. He had written, "Following the Equator," which described his travels and which met with tremendous sales the world over. Honors, such as are given few but people of royal family, had been bestowed upon him in Europe where he had made a long stay.

And now, on reaching his homeland, he had a glorious welcome from his countrymen.

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Proud indeed were they because of his long, brave fight with debt and his noble conquest. Praises of this, the most famous American author, rang throughout the land.

But in the midst of all his pleasure there was a feeling of sadness in his heart because there was one dear face which could not smile its welcome upon him. It was that of his lovely, gifted daughter Susie, who had died during his absence.

The wound made by her death never quite healed. Other suffering was added when his loved wife, to whom he had turned for sympathy and advice in all his work, was taken from him after a long illness. This great loss left Mr. Clemens very lonely. He did not allow himself to brood over his sorrow, however, but with courage still good he kept on with his writing, winning new laurels every year.

One of the greatest honors of his life came to him when he was over seventy years old. He had already received degrees from Yale University and various colleges in the United States. But now he was asked to cross the ocean to be given the degree of Doctor of

Literature by the great University of Oxford!

What a surprise and delight it was to the man who had once been a river pilot! "It is worth a journey to Mars to get a degree from Oxford," he told one of his friends.

So he joyfully set sail for England, where he was welcomed with every possible honor. He was entertained there by the King himself, and was carried to Oxford in a train used by the royal family.

Along the way crowds gathered to cheer the name of the great funmaker, Mark Twain. And then, when the University was reached and he stood before the vast audience to receive his degree, a tremendous shout arose from the students gathered there. What else, indeed, could lively young fellows do but shout, when they faced the man who had written the stirring adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn—yes, and who *was* none other than Tom Sawyer grown up?

After his return from England, Mr. Clemens passed his time in various places. Sometimes he lived in New York, sometimes at a lovely new home which had been built in Redding, and which he called Stormfield.

He also made trips to Bermuda, hoping to gain strength because his health was failing.

In the meantime his daughter Clara married a great musician and went to her new home in Europe, and his daughter, Jean, who was very delicate, died suddenly at Stormfield.

Soon after her death Mr. Clemens sailed to Bermuda to spend the winter there. He came back a very sick man, and a week after he reached home he passed peacefully away on April 21, 1910. To the very end he had shown his merry nature, his sense of humor, and his kindly thought for others.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens was a man who *made himself*. He loved freedom. He hated sham. He was honest and upright and of high honor. He was a true friend and a devoted son, husband and father. He was unspoiled by praise. He was a real American.

## EDWARD EVERETT HALE

### *The Man Who Lent a Hand*

YOU like stories filled with wonderful adventures, do you not, of heroes brave in battle, of discoverers who have overcome great difficulties, of inventors who have mastered the elements?

Just now you shall hear of none of these. And yet this tale should be of deep interest because it is of a man who worked daily marvels through the simple yet magical power which he possessed of "lending a hand."

This man, Edward Everett Hale, was born in 1822, a few years before Mark Twain first opened his eyes. His early home was quite different, it may be said, from that of the Giver of Mirth. It was very comfortable and almost luxurious for those days, and was situated in the heart of "Good Old Boston Town," with the waves of the Atlantic Ocean pouring into many an inlet which is to-day

filled in with earth and covered with rows of tall buildings.

The little Boston lad was named for his mother's uncle, the statesman and orator Edward Everett. As he grew up to better understanding he must have felt honored in having such a distinguished relative. But even when very tiny, he could understand why he should be proud of his father's being the namesake of the Revolutionary hero, Nathan Hale.

"How bravely he fought for the freedom of the United States!" Edward probably thought. "And when the British shot him as a spy, how grandly he died! Surely no one could have spoken nobler words than he when at the last moment he said, 'I regret that I have only one life to give for my country.' "

Without doubt the boy, while thinking of this great-uncle, felt a longing to become as true an American as he.

Little Edward began to go to school when he was two years old.

"What a remarkable child he must have been!" you say to yourself at once.

But he was not so remarkable as one would think. The fact was, his older brother,

Nathan, and his two older sisters were already in school, and he cried at being separated from them and begged to join them.

"He shall have his wish. It will do him no harm to go to a dame school," decided his parents, after talking over the matter.

Accordingly they sent him for several hours each day to be under the care of a pleasant young girl after she had agreed to receive the little two-year-old in her school of small children. Of course, she couldn't expect to teach much to such a tiny tot. How could she? But Edward had spelling and reading lessons, though he never afterwards remembered just how or when he learned to read, and it therefore seemed to him as if he had always been able to do so.

Of course, those early lessons occupied only a part of the hours spent at the dame school. So Edward sometimes amused himself by watching the sunbeams that made their way between the window shutters and danced upon the floor and walls of the schoolroom.

There was still other entertainment for him. As it happened, the floor of the schoolroom was kept strewn with sand, after a

fashion quite common in those days. Nothing could have been more entertaining to a small boy obliged to keep quiet in his seat than to round the sand beneath him into little piles with his feet and then prick pretty patterns in the tops with a pin or broom corn.

There was still another joy for little Edward at the dame school. That was the receiving of a prize on Saturday if he had been good all the week. He was allowed to choose it for himself out of a collection of bows of colored ribbon which the teacher brought out of the closet at each week-end. It might be pink or red, or yellow, or blue, whichever color he asked for, and it was pinned on his clothing before he started for home in a place where every one would be sure to notice it.

But his teacher also kept black bows, the sight of which was enough to make the small boy shudder. One of these was placed on any child who had been naughty. He was then obliged to wear it home, no matter how unhappy he might feel, or how hard he might cry. Once, so Edward heard, a boy had been so wicked, so daring, as to take off his black bow after leaving the schoolroom and actually

trample it under his feet. But this was really too dreadful a story to believe, he was sure.

Once, as he afterwards remembered, he was punished, but in a different manner. He had to sit by himself in a big yellow chair in the middle of the schoolroom! It was quite dreadful, especially as he did not know what wrong he had done to make him deserve such a disgrace.

When he was five years old he was sent to a school kept by a man who was kind and good-natured, but who did not know much about teaching. Edward, consequently, did not learn much more than he had learned at the dame school. He enjoyed himself, at any rate, and sometimes got into mischief, after the manner of boys.

The teacher, whom his pupils spoke of as "Simple," sometimes came to school late. So, one day, when he did not appear on time, the small but daring Edward said to himself: "I'll have some fun. I'll show Simple what we think of him."

Accordingly, when the master at last walked into the schoolroom, he found that Edward, with all the airs of a teacher, had called the

boys to order and was holding a mock recitation.

The lively little fellow continued to go to this same school for three years, at the end of which time he entered the Boston Latin School, where he was expected to do hard, steady work in his studies.

He never enjoyed school. Yet he thought: "Children need to go there, so it is the right thing to do. I will therefore try to make the best of it."

And he did make the best of it, and learned so rapidly that he was quickly advanced far above other boys of his own age.

Little as he cared for the hours spent in a schoolroom, he dearly loved to read. What delight he had in "Grimm's Fairy Tales!" What wonderful sights he looked upon in his mind as he turned the pages! For the time being they were real to him and Boston was far away.

And then what fun he had devouring the stories written by people who had looked upon strange sights and dared the dangers of treacherous seas! The little boy in the comfortable New England home was lost sight of and in

imagination Edward became the brave explorer, the knight in his castle, the wanderer in a tropical forest where serpents hissed, and monkeys grinned at him from the tree tops.

Though Edward did not love the hours spent in school, he always enjoyed getting there early because of the fun of playing tag and talking with his mates before the bell rang to come inside. One such morning some of the boys arrived with great news! An omnibus, drawn by four horses, had passed them. Such a big, long vehicle it was, declared the boys. It was wonderful to look at. As his mates described it, the first one ever seen in the streets of Boston, Edward was filled with as much astonishment as if the very chariot which carried Cinderella to the ball had appeared.

In those days, you must bear in mind, people rode in chaises. Neither electric nor even horse cars had been heard of, nor did a single steam train enter or leave the town. Moreover, the principal streets were paved with cobblestones and were lighted by lamps. The houses were lighted in the same way. A very

different Boston it was from the bustling, noisy city we know to-day.

Outside of school hours Edward was happily busy in many ways. He took lessons in gymnastics; he learned to ride horseback; and many a happy afternoon he spent on a handsome horse owned by his father, while his parents rode beside him in a chaise. You perhaps have seen the picture of one of those old-fashioned vehicles, with its two big wheels, and its deep hood almost hiding from sight the people on the seat beneath.

Then, too, there was the swimming school which Edward entered the summer he was nine years old. What sport it was for the slender little lad to plunge into the cool water on a hot day and, fastened to a rope for safety, swing out into the depths! He was not quick in learning to swim because his muscles were not strong. But he persevered bravely for several months till the time came when he felt as much at home in the water as on the land.

As soon as spring opened Edward and his mates went often to the old historic Common to play marbles, fly kites and roll hoops.

There were cows feeding on the Common under the elms, but there were not many of them, and they did not bother the boys.

Sometimes the children fished for horned-pout in the Frog Pond; but the sport which Edward enjoyed best of all was playing "post-office." When he and his chums got ready for this game, they divided among themselves some tiny "newspapers" which they had made by cutting up full-sized newspapers supplied by Edward who, as the son of an editor, was always able to furnish them.

Then, each with a bundle of mail which he pretended was very precious, the boys started off, driving their hoops as they ran to deposit their papers in various hiding places which they had dug in the ground of near-by streets. These hiding places, of course, they called post-offices.

You can see from this that our small hero must have been interested in his father's business. In fact, he went so often to Mr. Hale's printing establishment and took such interest in the work of bringing out the *Advertiser* that he afterwards said he "was cradled in the sheets of the daily newspaper."

This was not far from true. At his father's offices he learned to set type soon after he was first able to read, and he began to write short articles which his father printed in the *Advertiser* when he was still a child. Why, he translated something he read in a French paper, which was published in the *Advertiser* before he reached his eleventh birthday.

But were the boy's pleasures all outside his own home? By no means. It was there, in fact, that he chose to spend most of his spare hours because his parents made it so attractive to him. Many a day when school was over, his mates would say: "Come. Let's go down to the wharves to see the shipping."

The proposal would sound quite tempting for the moment. But as soon as his home was reached, any longing to visit the wharves generally vanished, because there was so much better fun close at hand. At home he was free to do many interesting things, and have as many of his friends as he liked to share his pleasure with him.

To begin with, there were parallel bars in the yard, and a high cross-pole to climb on. And there was a chemical outfit in the house

with which the boys could make all sorts of delightful experiments. And there, too, were tools and whalebone, and pulleys, and everything else needful with which to build all sorts of wonderful things. Perhaps a toy locomotive (in those days locomotives were rare objects in the United States) was attempted, or a machine which was to have perpetual motion. But there were no store-made toys at hand to play with. Edward would have scorned them.

"It is a hundred times better sport," he would have told you, "to make things for oneself."

In that happy home where Edward's wise parents guided, instead of drove their children, the most glorious place of all was the garret. There it was that the boy and his brothers fought naval battles on floats which they made themselves. There it was that they shaped furniture for their sisters' doll houses; and set up Leyden jars and sent telegraphic messages to each other from one side of the garret to the other. And it was from the garret of one of the houses where the Hale family lived that Edward was able to

climb up the stairs to the roof, where he could sit and look down upon the streets far below.

Little reading was done in the garret because the Hale children were allowed to go there only in the daytime. But in long evening hours Edward gathered with his brothers and sisters around the lamp-lighted table in the living room downstairs and devoured one fascinating book after another. Or perhaps he joined with the others in playing games,—“teetotum” was a favorite one—or in drawing pictures and making tiny magazines out of what he drew and wrote.

Sometimes Daniel Webster or Edward Everett, or some other wise and thoughtful person would join the family circle, and Edward would listen to what his elders were talking about. Perhaps it was an interesting book, or some important need of the country, or a law which ought to be made. Boy as he was, he thought a good deal about what he heard, and often made up his own mind very positively in the matter talked about. At school he thought things out in the same way; and queer as it may seem, he couldn’t under-

stand why his opinions weren't just as important as those of his teachers.

From what you have now heard of Edward's boyhood days, you can see that he was getting an "all around" education. At school he had his studies; in the outdoor world his body was trained and kept healthy by plenty of physical exercise; and at home he read, played games, or busied his mind with inventions.

"You should always do whatever you are able to do," Edward's parents impressed upon him. At the same time they showed that they were more pleased by his behaving well than by securing high standing in his studies. We can see this when we think of what happened at the end of his first month at the Latin School. He had received a report showing that he stood only ninth in his class of fifteen.

"I dread to show this report to my mother," he said to himself. "She will not like my having such a low rank."

But when she had examined the report, he found, to his relief, that she did not seem troubled in the least.

She merely said, "Oh, that is no matter.

Probably the other boys are brighter than you. God made them so, and you cannot help that. But the report says that you are among the boys who behave well. That you can see to, and that is all I care about."

Every year Edward had a great pleasure in store for him when the summer vacation arrived. That was the time in which his whole family took a trip to his grandfather's home in Westfield, a hundred miles from Boston, to make a visit. A big traveling party it was, because there were seven children in all, as well as their parents. As there were no steam cars to carry them in those early years, several days were spent jogging along over country roads, some of the family in the chaise and the rest on horseback.

What fun it was to stop overnight at some tavern whose painted sign swung from a post in front of the building. And when at last the dear grandfather's house was reached, what sport awaited Edward and his brothers and sisters! Traps had to be made in which to catch woodchucks. Tramps over the hills were taken with lively cousins. Games—noisy ones, such as "hunt the slipper" and

“blind man’s buff”—could be played after nightfall, on Sundays as well as on other days. Do not be shocked at reading this, because in that long ago in New England, the “Sabbath” began at sunset on Saturday and ended with the next sunset. Oh, joyous weeks were those which the lad spent in his boyhood at Westfield, laying up a store of strength for mind and body.

When Edward was thirteen years old, at the age when most boys to-day are getting ready for the High School, he entered Harvard College. There was really no reason why he should not do so, because he had advanced so rapidly in school that he was prepared for college studies. Moreover, his brother Nathan, whom he dearly loved, was already in college and he was happiest when in his company.

“Nathan will be a helpful companion for Edward,” his parents had considered.

So, bearing in mind that their Uncle Edward Everett was only thirteen when he entered college, and that his health was not injured by doing so, they decided that this young son should follow in his steps.

The boy did not enjoy his college life particularly. He was homesick from first to last, even though his loved Boston home was in the very next town and he could always spend his week-ends there. He studied faithfully, however, and did so much good work in his classes that he won prizes. Moreover, there were many pleasant spare hours spent in the big college library where he read interesting novels and books of history. There were also rambles in the near-by country where he studied the wild flowers of which he was very fond. Sometimes, too, he played cricket and football with his fellow students. But when the time to graduate was at hand he was glad. He had done his best because he had believed he ought to do so, and he had won honors. But now, to his joy, he was free to follow his own bent.

What was that bent? Was it writing? From early boyhood he had written articles which were printed in his father's newspaper, the *Advertiser*. At graduation he had been chosen as the class poet because of his ability. It was as natural and easy for him to write as to talk.

He had decided already, however, that the principal work of his life was to be along a different line. He would now study for the ministry. This was what his father expected of him, and it was also the strong wish of his mother.

“But I will do more than what people generally expect of a minister,” he promised himself. “Preaching sermons is not so important as helping people when they suffer in body or in mind. I will try to be such a helper.”

So it came about that when the youth of seventeen left college, he began to prepare for his life work. At the same time he was able to support himself by teaching in the Boston Latin School.

He enjoyed teaching, but it was not pleasant to punish unruly pupils. Well did he afterwards remember the first whipping he gave. It could not be helped. The boy had disobeyed the rules of the school, and kind words had no effect on him.

“It was a bad business, perfectly disgusting to me,” young Hale wrote in his diary. “But it was absolutely necessary.”

During those years of teaching and study

Edward had taken many a pleasant trip about New England. He was as pleased as any small boy when the famous Bunker Hill Monument had been finished, and he climbed the spiral stairway inside for the first time, and looked from the top down upon his home city and the sea and country around it. He wrote to an absent sister that it was the grandest sight he had ever looked upon.

He always had the same joy in climbing mountains. "My love of mountain climbing in my young days," he once said, "seems like a sixth sense. It is like my mother's love of flowers."

In one such excursion his life was saved almost by a hair's breadth. He had climbed to the top of Mount Katahdin in Maine when a heavy fog closed in around him. As he slowly struggled to make his way down, he stopped at one point just in time to escape falling over a precipice. If he had taken the next step he would have fallen far, far below and would have been crushed to death. But it was not meant for the world to lose him then.

In due time he finished his studies as a

minister, after which he spent several years going about from one place to another to help struggling churches get on a firm footing. He had many interesting experiences while doing this, but there was one which gave him the deepest happiness and made his life richer ever afterwards.

It came about in this way: he happened to be spending a few days in the city of Albany in New York, and was having a rather discouraging time trying to do the work for which he had come. One day—he was feeling sad and lonely—he sought his dark, musty bedroom in the house where he was stopping and sat down to entertain himself by reading. After a while he laid the book down and leaned back in thought. Suddenly he realized that he was not alone and that he could not be alone. But there was no person in the room except himself! Why did his sadness leave him and joy fill his heart? Because he felt that God was there with him and that God's love was wrapping him about.

All his cares had dropped away from him on the instant. "Yes," he said to himself, "God loves me and is closer to me than any

human being sitting close beside me could possibly be."

From that moment the young man was sure that he could never be lonely again, and that wherever he might go he would have a companion. How many people, he considered, were unhappy because they were lonely. He promised himself that for the rest of his life he would try to help such unhappy folks discover what he had just discovered. When they once realized that they were God's children all would be well with them.

In the weeks and months that followed the visit to Albany, Mr. Hale was busy, but very happy. Among other work that he did, he preached many sermons. His very first sermon, you may like to know, was spoken to a gathering of children in a Boston chapel, and its subject was "Little Things." Its first words were, "There is nothing in the world then so small that God does not love it."

"Little things!" What a fitting subject for the young minister to choose! And why? Because the big work he afterwards accomplished was based on just the little things that many people place no value upon simply

because they are small. Such people forget what happens when a pebble is dropped in a pond. At first there is only a tiny ripple where the pebble falls. But that ripple causes another ripple beyond it and another beyond that, and so on, till the water of the whole pond has been affected.

The young minister showed the value he put on little things when at twenty-four he became settled as the pastor of a church in Worcester, Massachusetts. A smile for this person; a kind word for that; a dinner given to a poor beggar who came to his door; wise words of advice spoken to some one in doubt; loving sympathy shown to the suffering; seemingly little things like these filled every day of his life and made it a glorious one. Wherever Mr. Hale was to be found, whether at home or in a city street, those who drew near felt God's love shining through him and upon them.

One thought seemed ever to be in this good man's mind: "We are all God's children."

And so, realizing how much that is beautiful and noble is in the hearts of all, he had faith in every one he met and tried to bring

out not selfishness, but kindness and love. Is it any wonder, then, that he strove in his own church to make the people feel like one big family and that each one had something important to do for others?

He did much work outside, as well as within, his church. He had come to feel as if all the people of the United States make up one big family. In it were red men and black men as well as white, and they were brothers. They should all have their rights.

But before this could come about there were many wrongs to be stopped. For instance, there was slavery in this "Land of the Free." Tens of thousands of Negroes who had been brought from their African home to work on the plantations in the South were being bought and sold like animals. Some of them were cruelly treated. Then there were the Indians, many of whom were dealt with unjustly by agents of the American Government. They, too, should be treated wisely and with kindness.

Besides such great questions, Mr. Hale was interested in the immigrants who sought a home in the United States. He wished that

more could be done to help them. He also turned his eyes pityingly towards the prisons where the inmates were often abused by the jailors.

These and other sad conditions kept the good man thinking, studying, speaking, writing, and doing,—helping in every way possible to make his loved country a better place to live in.

During the ten busy years he spent in Worcester, Mr. Hale became acquainted with a young girl, Miss Emily Perkins of Hartford, Connecticut; and as she returned his love, the young man and maiden were married. But before Mr. Hale went back to his work in Worcester, he and his bride took a wedding journey. Not in a big steamer bound for Europe, however, nor in a Pullman car to visit distant parts of the United States. No, they simply rode off in a chaise to explore in the most comfortable manner possible the lovely Berkshire Hills, not many miles away.

While Mr. Hale was still in Worcester, he was invited by the people of large churches in other cities to become their pastor. But his own flock loved him dearly and begged

him not to leave them. He, for his part, felt that there was plenty of work for him to do in Worcester, so he refused the invitations to go elsewhere.

At last, however, he received a call which he felt he must not refuse. It was from a church in Boston, a few of whose people were wealthy. Most of them were young men and women who were struggling to make a living. And there were babies, oh, so many of them! Mr. Hale saw at once that here was a chance for him to do good work. Moreover, not far from this Boston church was a quarter of the city where there were a great many poor families who needed friends and help in sickness and trouble.

To Boston, therefore, he went and there, as the head of the church he had taken as his charge, he remained till almost the end of his life.

Now let us see what he did there besides preach from his pulpit and make visits among the people of his congregation.

He wrote helpful articles for magazines and newspapers. He lectured on important matters in Boston and elsewhere. He started

a mission school for boys and girls who lived in the slums not far from the church. He formed societies in which the members helped each other in different ways. And then he worked, oh, so hard, for the poor of the city. He persuaded the people of his church, who were already interested in helping the poor and unfortunate before he came among them, to work harder than ever in that cause as one united body.

In those days, bear in mind, almost no work had been done for the needy save by individuals. Hull House, with Jane Addams at its head, had never been thought of. Jacob Riis had not come to New York to bring sunshine to wretched boys and girls. The Salvation Army had not been banded together. And so Edward Everett Hale was a pioneer in the noble work of making the lives of poor people in our cities happier and more comfortable.

He deeply enjoyed planning how his society was to give the needed help, and in sharing the work of the members. Many a time he himself trudged through the streets carrying a load of food to some hungry family, and on



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DOCTOR HALE AT WORK IN HIS LIBRARY



winter days bundles of warm clothing for shivering children and their parents. With the gifts went tender words of sympathy which fed and warmed the lonely hearts of those he visited as the food and clothing he brought warmed and nourished their bodies.

These people thought of him as a brother who loved them, not as the noted Boston minister. And indeed, as he went about on his errands of love, he often did not look like a minister. Because of this something really funny once happened.

It seems that his society had arranged with a certain grocer that Doctor Hale should go to his store at any time and get what he needed to carry to the poor, and that it was then to be charged to its account. Now, one day when the grocer was away, a boy was left in the store to attend to customers.

Pretty soon a man who was a stranger to him, but was no other than Doctor Hale, came in and asked for a peck of potatoes. This man wore a slouch hat; his hair was quite long, and he had bushy whiskers. To the boy's thinking he didn't look or act like a minister.

So when he said: "I preach at the church over yonder. We have things charged here, so you may add the potatoes to our account," the lad did not believe him, and answered: "I don't care what church you preach at. You can't have them potatoes unless you pay for 'em."

How the good minister must have smiled "in his sleeve" over the boy's words!

Two years after Mr. Hale began his work in Boston, he had a delightful three months' vacation in Europe. He wrote home glowing accounts of what he saw, in letters, and afterwards he wrote an interesting book describing his travels, which he called "Ninety Days in Europe."

All the strength he gained in that vacation was useful when he reached home because his country was in sore need of helpers. There was bitter feeling between the North and South because of slavery. Could the United States hold together as one family? Or would the Southern States break away from the Union and still hold the Negroes as slaves?

As Mr. Hale asked himself such questions

his heart was very sad. For many years he had spoken and written against slavery. He had worked hard for the cause of the slaves. But now he saw he must work harder than ever. And even then—ah, war was threatening between the people of our loved country! Yes, it was coming, coming fast.

When at last the Civil War broke out, Doctor Hale felt that his chief duty was not in his Boston church; it was in using his strength and will in doing everything possible towards saving his country. He was soon busy with one outside duty after another. He put much of his energy into the Sanitary Commission whose care was the feeding and sheltering of the soldiers. He also was a director of the Freedman's Aid Society. Every moment of the longest day was spent in doing something which he hoped might help. He never seemed tired.

“I have no *time* to feel tired,” he might have told you.

Yet he never forgot his dear wife and little ones. When at home he filled it with sunshine, and when away he found time to write to his children about what would interest them.

In one such letter which he wrote from an army camp in Virginia he told his little daughter about a visitor that entered his tent in the night. It was a tiny toad which had jumped inside out of the wet grass.

"Then he did not like my light," Mr. Hale went on, "so he jumped all around the tent and up on the canvas to get out again. At last he came to the little open chink—and I shook the board and he hopped out."

The war raged on, and the sky became darker. There were many people who did not see the tremendous need of keeping the country united.

"They must be touched," Mr. Hale said to himself. "They must understand the *value* of having a country. Otherwise the United States may not be saved."

What could he say or do to help bring such people to their senses? The way suddenly became clear to him: he would write a story about a man who in a moment of passion turned against his country, and for the rest of his life was punished by being forced to keep sailing over the seas and never allowed to step upon or hear about his native land.

Thus it came about that "The Man Without a Country" was written; and though it wasn't a true story, Mr. Hale made it *seem* true. So vividly was it told that the people who read it were filled with pity and horror for the wanderer. "It would be terrible," they now realized, "to live without a country." How much they were stirred through that story to make sacrifices that the Union might be saved, we will never know. But the good did not end there. "The Man Without a Country" has been read widely through all the years since then. And to-day its lesson is as strong as ever: We must stand by our Union.

After peace came to the land and the slaves had been freed, they still needed help. Mr. Hale worked hard for them in the Freedman's Aid Society.

He also started a magazine which he named *Old and New*, and in this he wrote many helpful articles.

At its start he said to himself, "I must write a story for my magazine which will lead people to do kind deeds for each other and free them from all hatred.

To keep doing kind deeds, no matter how small,—this was at the root of whatever Mr. Hale had himself done.

But what should the story be which would rouse others to follow his example? It did not take him long to decide. Its name should be "Ten Times One is Ten," and it should describe the adventures of a man whom everyone loved because of his good deeds. Mr. Hale had known such a man when he lived in Worcester. His name was Frederick Greenleaf, and in his short life—he died when still young—he was always doing some kindness for others.

But why was the story to be called, "Ten Times One is Ten"? Let us see. At the beginning of the tale its hero, Harry Wadsworth, had just died and ten of his friends, meeting together, told of what he had done for them. He had risked his life to save one of them from an angry mob in a mining camp. By his kind and brotherly words he had guided another to choose a good life instead of an evil one. And so on. Always he had shown himself as tender as a woman, yet as brave as a lion.

What happened when each of the ten friends told something about Harry Wadsworth's goodness? This: It was proposed that they should form a club to carry on his work. But they lived far apart. They could write to each other, however, though they could not meet often together. They parted with the wish to give loving service and went their way with that wish fixed in their hearts.

Three years passed by. During that time the ten friends wrote to each other, telling of what they had done to make other people happy. Such interesting letters they were! You would enjoy reading every one of them. And what do you think! Altogether, they told of *ten times ten loving deeds* and one to spare, —one hundred and one in all.

Did the story end there? By no means. New Harry Wadsworth Clubs were formed among all sorts of people till by the end of six years there were a thousand members in all. In three years more there were ten thousand, and so on. After that the Ten Times One clubs spread all over the world, leaping on by multitudes of ten, till at last in twenty-seven years from the start, a thousand million people

—all the world, in fact—were living with this motto to guide them:

“Look up and not down,  
Look forward and not back,  
Look out and not in,  
And lend a hand.”

Do you realize what kind of a world it was now? Evil and cruelty and selfishness had been driven from the earth, and in their place love ruled.

It was a wonderful story, yet a very simple one. The best of it all was that it stirred its readers to follow the example of the ten friends, and to form Lend a Hand Clubs, Ten Times One Clubs, The King’s Daughters, the Look Up Legion, the In His Name Club, and so on. The members of all of these bound themselves to work in some way for others. These clubs are to-day found in different parts of the world. They are busy in helping millions of people. The good they have done and are doing cannot be measured. And the start of this great and beautiful work came through Doctor Hale’s story into which he had put his own beautiful spirit of helpfulness and his own desire to “Lend a hand.”

Right now it is worth our while to take note of this: No other American has done so much to get young folks interested in service for others as Edward Everett Hale. He loved boys and girls. He saw what beauty there was in their hearts. He thought: "There is no need for them to wait till they are grown-up men and women before learning how to give others help. I will do my best to show them how to lend a hand, and what joy there is in doing it."

With this thought ever in mind he helped boys and girls, as well as older folks, in banding together for helpfulness so that their work was felt as it still is to-day, all over the world.

Among the many writings of Doctor Hale there are amusing stories, such as "My Double and How He Undid Me," which show that he saw the funny side of life as well as the serious. But there is one tale which surely must be mentioned as a companion of "Ten Times One is Ten." It is beautifully told and very helpful. Doctor Hale called it, "In His Name."

Though he led a most busy life helping others, he was always happy in his work and

never seemed tired. He once said, "I take only two complete holidays in the year—Christmas and Independence Day."

As he became older he became deeply interested in what he called a "High Court." It was to be a council of nations to settle any troubles arising between them by wise discussion.

"If only such a council were formed," thought Doctor Hale, "war and standing armies could be done away with."

Alas! the good man's hope of a lasting peace has not yet come true, earnestly as he strove to have it brought about.

He continued to work for needed reforms till he was over eighty years old. Then, by no means willing to be idle because he was an old man, he accepted an invitation from Washington to become the Chaplain of the United States Senate. It made him happy to serve in such a position, as he felt that the members of the Senate loved him, and that his prayers inspired them to do better work in guiding the affairs of the country.

Moreover, Theodore Roosevelt, President at that time, loved and revered him. He said,

"So long as I am President, Edward Everett Hale shall be chaplain of the Senate."

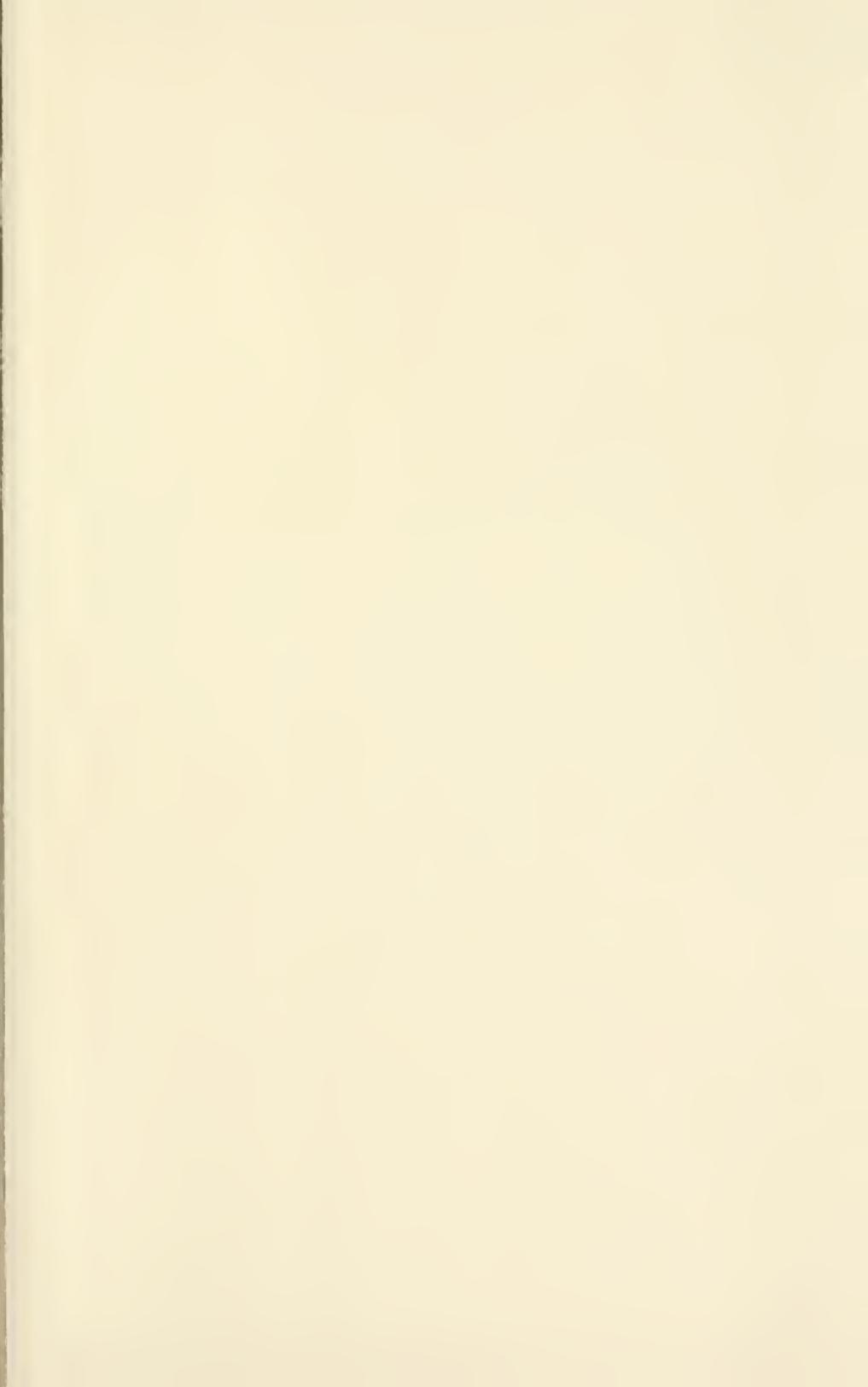
That was the last great service of Doctor Hale's long life. After nearly six years of service in Washington, he went back to his Massachusetts home to die quietly and peacefully a few days afterwards.

To-day his statue stands close to one of the entrances of the Public Gardens in Boston. It reminds the passers-by of the man who was filled with love for God and his fellow men, the man who never refused help to those in need,—to whom the Negro and the Indian, the prisoner convicted of guilt, the ignorant and the wretched poor, were felt to be his brothers as much as the people of wealth and learning and fame, because they, too, were God's children.

Why did Edward Everett Hale have so great an influence among his fellows? Why was his life a blessing to his country and to the world? Because he expressed the spirit that is in the hearts of all real Americans—the spirit of helpfulness and love of service.

THE END

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